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RAMBLES IN BOOKS

Of the Five Hundred Copies printed this is No. 1

Signed C. F. Bentham

RAMBLES IN BOOKS

BY

CHARLES F. BLACKBURN

"Omne solum patria"—Ov.

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PREFACE.

"One writer excels at a plan or a title page, another . . . is a dab at an index."—GOLDSMITH.

WHAT are books? To some people, of course, they are nothing. To the author, they may be the vehicle of ideas which he desires to convey to his fellow-men.

What are books to their owners? Many will say, off-hand, "Something to read, to be sure!"—as if the question were an absurd one. Roughly said, the uses of books are threefold—for reference, instantaneously to answer any question which may arise in the mind; for reading, as books of narrative; for mere amusement, as novels. More concisely put—a book is a source of knowledge or of pleasure. If memoirs are provided with indexes, they become books of reference, and thus the three kinds resolve themselves into two.

The composer of this little volume has gone through the usual throes before settling its title. The "Pleasure of having books, shown from a collection of four hundred volumes" was the first attempt. This, though exactly designating its purpose, was too cumbrous. Then came "Journeys among books," modified afterwards to "Journeys in books." The last of these is truer than its predecessor, besides being a little shorter. But the word "journey" has a flavour of business about it. Wherefore "rambles" is better. A man who is on business may not ramble. A professional cataloguer, in the exercise of his calling, makes journeys among books, inasmuch as he works round them like a cooper round a

cask. The owner of a collection, who is merely amusing himself, may "ramble in his books," and record the impressions derived from looking about him inside them.

A new terror has been added to the selection, or invention (for it is that) of a title, by the bizarre names which are now attached to catalogues of books for sale. Suppose I hit upon the "Love of books" as indicating my object in these pages, I might be confronted by a pamphlet issued by a lover who periodically parades the objects of his affection, with prices attached—in order to get rid of them. The name of lover is often profaned in connection with books, possibly because those who use it are incapable of more than a profane conception of lovers or of books. A lover is one, I imagine, for whom the mere neighbourhood of a beloved object is happiness.

Thus far the form of words. For the aspect, a well-proportioned title-page is not unlike a tree in its expansion towards the top, and if the author is built like a stick, he or his name stands for the stem. The publishing house is the root whence the book springs, the source to which the public must go.

A publication which has had immense vogue consists of the opinions of eminent men and women on the hundred books which are best worth reading by other people, ordinary mortals. That is very nice, of course. But how can a man of learned ease, sitting in a luxurious arm-chair, in his turkey-carpeted library, feel for the man who has to work all day? The rich man lights a cigarette after breakfast, takes a turn in the garden, or a meditative stroll in the conservatory, according to the weather. Then he sits down quickly and writes "Plato" or "Aristotle" as good for the working man to read by way of diversion from toil. I do not quite catch whether

the persons who follow the advice of the various writers (or of merely one) are to read the books indicated for them and then pass on their way with whatever learning they have gained, or whether they are to buy the books so as to be able to read when they are minded. I observe that in one case provision has been made that the public shall be able gradually to obtain the selection at a moderate price. The hundred books which a man should get will cost him twelve pounds, as nearly as I can reckon it.

The following pages are an account of a collection possessed by one person, as opposed to lists of books prepared by several persons for the guidance of many other persons. This actual library has grown about its owner during a period of eighteen or twenty years. When a man cannot go straightway and buy a book that he wants, he has to wait until it presents itself at a practicable price. And if he has only a certain amount of room in shelf and cupboard, it often happens that when one book is acquired, another must go. The owner has to determine, *multum gemens*, which can be spared with the least amount of pain. Then, again, one's taste changes; a book which is ardently desired one day may be readily spared another day. Altogether, the collection has a certain resemblance to the human body, in which waste or rejection is made up for by continual assimilation. And thus, in a sense, this little library may be termed alive, in contradistinction to fossil collections which undergo no change from year to year.

The wise tell us that we must not expect to have everything we like in this world, and some of us have found that out without assistance. This phase of life is illustrated here. The object, in fine, is to set forth

something that is, rather than what might be. The ideal, that which is to be desired, has been plentifully dealt with elsewhere.

When I hear of a man's possessing a "library," I am tempted to wonder what terms he is on with the books of which it is composed, what they "do for him," or whether they are mere *simulacra* of intelligent companionship. Human beings that we meet may be acquaintances, friends, or companions. Books which stay in a man's house should not be mere passing acquaintances, they should at least be friends that he can go to when he has need of them. But they may be more —they may be companions that he can sit down with or walk about with, indefinitely. I think that every one who possesses books should be able to give an intelligible or intelligent reason for the presence of every book in his collection. This is attempted here. Now and then, of course, books speak for themselves. About four hundred books is the area which has been rambled through again and again; amusement the one view with which they have been assembled. "How about books of reference?" may be asked. To read intelligently books of the lighter order you must have heavier metal behind.

I am surprised that private persons do not oftener print catalogues of their libraries. It would be a great amusement. "But a type-writer will do all you want," may be interjected. A type-writer will not enliven the titles by contrast of letterpress, as I have endeavoured to do in these pages.

Besides the primary object of exhibiting the pleasure to be found in the possession of books, this little volume is an attempt to indicate how a private library catalogue might be printed. For example, everybody who has

attended to the matter knows that titles of books must be arranged by their authors' names, or you will not quickly find them. But, in ordinary life, in conversation apart from business, books are spoken of without mentioning the author's name. We do not say, "Have you read Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*, or Byron's *Manfred*, or Meredith's *Vittoria?*" but simply, "Have you read the *Bride of Lammermoor*, or *Manfred*, or *Vittoria?*" To add the author's names would be to suggest that your interlocutor did not know them. This being a catalogue of pleasure and not of business, the problem has been to give the names of books the first prominence while letting the alphabet be governed by the names of their writers. How this has been done will be seen by turning to any page. Printing the writers' names in the middle of a line has the great advantage of allowing them to run in the natural order. No one, I suppose, would prefer to set down, *e.g.* "Kingsley (Henry)" where he was equally free to say "Henry Kingsley." I confess I have rather caught at the chance of avoiding awkwardness or inelegance.

One of the few amusing points about cataloguing is that with an unknown author's name you can never be sure whether it is the real name or merely a "purser's name." Here is a case. Offer the following title to any one of ordinary acquaintance with books and request him to write an entry as for a catalogue—

> Au Dahomey, cortège triomphal du roi Bekanzinc, par Jean Flingot. *Paris*, 1892.

Of course, he will write "Flingot" first, and "Flingot" becomes one of the glorious army of authors. But, unfortunately, *flingot* is merely soldiers' slang for a

musket or rifle, what they fling away in retreating from the enemy, as we read in the *Débâcle*.

I once earned my living, or tried to earn it, by cataloguing second-hand books for booksellers. To most people this will seem about the least inviting work that can be imagined. I confess to having shuddered at the idea of this "drudgery" day by day. Now, not being obliged to do it, it seems a most delightful occupation. It is within the reach of all. For every man's library (to use a word) is a collection of second-hand books—as he will find if he tries to sell them.

To the young man I would say, "Catalogue your books." This is to cultivate their acquaintance. And let him note on paper, as he would say to a friend, why he procured them. If there is any difficulty in stating this, it shows that the volume in question can make room when something desirable presents itself. You will often hear a man say he does not know what he has got, or whether he has a particular book. In a moment of uncertainty, go to the catalogue, and if that does not satisfy you, pull the books off the shelves or out of the cupboard and catalogue them again. It may be that the arrangement of the catalogue is defective or that the books defy rational inscription. The writer does not preach what he has not practised. Within about ten years he has made four catalogues of his collection. The first was merely a large sheet of paper folded into eight and stitched. This gave sixteen pages, which, headed 1, 2, 3, &c., indicated, in a line for each, books which were piled in a cupboard in sixteen heaps. That was a geographical catalogue, indicating place; in which heap. Later on, in a printed book, he gave a *catalogue raisonné*, where the books were presented alphabetically under the

most characteristic words of the title. A year or two ago, in a little town* on the Italian slopes of the Alps, the writer pasted down in alphabetical order, after cutting them up, the titles of a second manuscript catalogue. The material had been accumulating on square pieces of paper which contained the names of books as one came to them on the shelves. This catalogue was the germ of that which the reader has before him. Besides these, he once made the experiment of printing a catalogue of his books (there were then 250) on one page about twice the size of this. It was so arranged that, held one way, there seemed to be five shelves, and the varying lengths of the titles imaged the differing heights of the books.

The guests at a well-assorted table brighten each other by contact. I have endeavoured that the few books which are here brought together shall do the same in a measure, and to make the entries of them in the catalogue bright by contrast of type. One or two points in the printing may be usefully noted.

Parentheses about an author's name signify that, although it is known, it is not printed on the title-page of his book. Parentheses without a name signify that a book is what we call anonymous. If a contemporary author chooses to publish a book without his name, while attaching it to other books, a cataloguer is bound to respect the anonymity.

– Before the name of a book means that I do not possess it now.

The place of anonymous books in the alphabet is generally determined by the leading word of the title—

* The chief trouble was to learn the Italian word for paste, that I might buy some. I had to ask the landlady in French, using the word *mucilage*, the nearest I could evoke. She answered, instantly, PASTA.

as *Englishman in Paris, Thalatta,* &c. With foreign books, I have sometimes let the English word which is most likely to be in the mind of a reader determine their position, as with *Le dernier des Napoléons,* Trautmann's *Oberammergau,* and one or two more.

The few notes in italics refer to technical points, and may have interest as coming from one who is obliged to consider such questions.

Names of publishers are printed much as we hear them spoken.

The dark letters show the colloquial names of books.

Capital letters are only used where the words demand them. This is what the Germans do. They are scientific in writing and printing, as in other things. The reader will best understand what I mean when he sees an example of the ordinary abuse of capital letters—

Martins. His Last Passion. *London,* 1888.

Is there a reader who, not knowing the book, would not declare that to be the title of a religious work? It is a sensational novel. If the words were printed as I should like to see them—

Martins. His last passion. *London,* 1888.

such misconception could scarcely arise.

Sizes are not mentioned. They probably convey very little information to the lay reader. And of the experts, booksellers use one mode of notation and "scientific" librarians another. Besides, if the shelf on which a book should be found is indicated by a letter in the title in the catalogue, there is no real occasion for naming the size. Letters would be necessary where there are several series of shelves. In my case, by standing at a central point, nearly every book can be reached with one hand or the

other. The frontage of shelves and cupboard is just ten feet by three.

Very few books in this collection deserve notice because of their externals. These few I have ventured to describe. A dozen or more volumes are bound, at a cost of about sixpence each, in brown holland, with a blue paper label. This is a reminiscence of the Lake of Como. There, as you approach Bellaggio from Menaggio or Cadenabbia, you come on a small promontory which has a drab awning over it. Underneath, at intervals, blue or green vases on the terrace form a pretty contrast of colour. What the traveller sees is the garden of the Hotel Genazzini (?).

The large proportion of foreign works is sure to be remarked. One excuse may be urged, that habitual converse with French books is a French exercise which no one need disdain, however old he is. Moreover, it may be asked, Does human interest cease to be human, because the expression of it hails from what we call a "foreign" country? Some day, perhaps, the word foreign may cease to have a meaning. I like to think of the noble epitaph on General Ludlow in the burying-ground at Lausanne, and have taken as much of it as I dared, as a motto. The republic of letters is, it may be hoped, one great family, not disunited into states. In pursuance of this idea, but without thinking about it, I have given the names of European publishers who have a cosmopolitan reputation without adding their abode.

No doubt it will appear to some that a great many "frivolous" books are enumerated. I fancy that a man's recreation should be governed somewhat by the nature of his occupation. If his work is making catalogues of reference, which kind friends tell him every now and

then would make them mad to do, a pretty good dose of frivolity is needed to preserve the mind's equipoise, unless the cataloguer is made of putty and can be put* anywhere. That might be, of course, seeing that mankind is divided into two great sections, those who make impressions and those who take them. The Americans have recognised the distinction, by speaking of grit as a desirable quality.

So many short stories are now collected into one volume, that a new duty may be said to be imposed on cataloguers of even private collections—to name each story. It is an appalling look-out, for each entry will need to be supplemented by an index entry. Whether short stories are enumerated or not, the catalogue of every considerable library must be indexed. The question of enumerating the stories in a book is not one to be settled off-hand. Suppose a small volume contains thirty or forty storyettes, conscientious cataloguing and indexing will give to it thirty or forty times the space and attention accorded to a book of the same size wherein the interest is continuous. "*Quousque tandem*, storyteller?" will be the despairing cataloguer's cry.

I have evaded the difficulty here, by putting some names of short stories in the index at the end. Thus, if the reader has a mind to know in what volume Gautier's *La morte amoureuse* is to be found, he can find out in a moment.

I had not intended giving this very little work the importance, in look, of an index. But, four pages presented themselves blank at the end, which gave the opportunity of setting forth an attractive bill of fare.

* I wish I could give the pronunciation.

Every item has been compelled to come into one line, without maiming words, a point which may be of interest to those who care for regularity of appearance. The words in italics distinguish a title from a subject.

In sum, if the reader will be so good as to imagine one whose daily occupation is to do gardening for others in the field of literature, once in a way showing a visitor the advantage or amusement he has derived from cultivating his own plot at home—that is the point of view. The word amusement is exact, for the few minutes snatched before breakfast for this work have yielded the composer almost perfect oblivion of outer things.

Rambles in Books.

Sir Robert ADAIR.

Historical memoir of a mission to the **Court of Vienna** in 1806, &c. *Longman*, 1844.

Sir Robert Adair was one of the dinner party at the embassy to-day. He is the individual whom Fox and the Opposition party sent over to St. Petersburg fifty years ago, to thwart and undermine Pitt's administration with the Court of Russia. He is eighty years old, and nearly the only man living who is supposed to have had the good graces of the Empress Catherine.—Raikes' Diary, II. 389.

Some years ago I wanted Adair's book. I had to wait until it presented itself at a suitable price. Now it is here, I forget what had made it desirable. But the Memoir is worth keeping, for the notices of Gentz, *q.v.*, and his state papers.

Hamilton AÏDÉ.

Carr of Carrlyon, a novel, 3 vols. *Smith and Elder*, 1862.

A picture of the better sort of life in Italy, both of Italians and Englishmen. It is a story of deep, almost tragic interest, relieved by bright traits of character. I have read it several times. Taking it up to find an extract, I half read it again, but could not detach a piece.

After writing that, I found the following :—

"The whole work proves the possession by the author of abilities and learning equal to anything in fictitious literature."—Daily News.

Hamilton AÏDÉ.

Confidences. *Chatto and Windus* ( ).

This and the next bring us into good company in England.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

Passages in the life of a lady.
Ward and Downey ( ).

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

Poet and peer. *Routledge*, 1883.

Bought as sure to be worth going to, one day, when "something to read" is the desideratum.

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Miser's daughter, with Cruikshank's plates.
Routledge ( ).

Commemorates my first vision of a *bonâ-fide* novel. As a boy I was not allowed to read novels, but a volume of *Bentley's Miscellany* could be borrowed from the library. One volume contained the first part of the *Miser's daughter*, and that is all I saw of it. The illustrations serve to show that a sense of beauty was not among Cruikshank's gifts.

All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gathers around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.
CHILDE HAROLD.

ALBUM.

Olive album. *Marion and Co.* ( ).

This should have contained portraits, I suppose. Instead, I have had fastened in a series of Alpine views. The wind-swept heights, set in the umber of the photographs, are well thrown up by the olive tint of the page, which, again, is embellished by coloured flowers in the margin. Albion is a perfidious island with white cliffs. Perhaps an album may fitly "hide those hills of snow."

The literary interest resides in some photos from Kaulbach's illustrations to Goethe's *Faust* and *Hermann und Dorothea*, which are also in the volume.

The female heads, in their divine serenity of hair parted *à la Madone*, may be commended to the notice of editors who limn us commonplace or coloured young persons with untidily arranged hair. "But look at the *technique*," says an expert. So illustrated pages are a mere arena for the exhibition of mechanical skill—*cui lumen ademptum.*

Will beauty never replace deliberate and expensive ugliness?

W. L. ALDEN.

A lost soul. *Chatto and Windus*, 1892.

The name on the title made me think this American. But that can scarcely be. Here is part of a conversation. After speaking of English mouths, an interlocutor says :—

"Then, by way of contrast, look at the American mouth, especially the American girl's mouth. It is a combination of childishness and viciousness. . . . It is a thoroughly false mouth, and cold as your glacier. The girl who at seventeen thinks that she knows the world through and through, who treats her 'popper' and her 'mommer' as if they were servants . . . you can read the full description of her in her mouth."

"What do you say of the French mouth?"

"It is a purely mercantile mouth; it is strong, but cold. It is, moreover, utterly unsympathetic. The French mouth is always asking what is the market price of kisses."

This gives no idea of the deep interest of the story. A geologist, who is also a physician, finds in a glacier a woman frozen up. He digs her out, resuscitates her, and finds that

She had been dead for centuries. . . . Perhaps she had no soul. . . . I had brought back life to the body, but her soul had wandered too far to be recalled.

( )

"Alla giornata;" or, to the day, in three volumes. *Saunders and Otley*, 1826.

Above the doorway of a marble palace which stands on the banks of the Arno, in Pisa, the inscription that gives the story its title is to this day read.—iv.

ALLIBONE.

Supplement to Allibone, **Critical dictionary of English literature,** by J. F. KIRK. *Lippincott,* 1891.

If a man had seen a performance at a theatre overnight, I think that when he opened the morning's paper, he would first turn to the account of the piece, to see what was said about it. I find the same kind of pleasure in having Allibone's *Dictionary* at hand. When I have been interested in a book, I can look the author up and see what has been written about his works.

There are also biographical particulars of authors. We read that an American novelist was a contributor to the *Nation*.

ALLIBONE (*continued*).

Twenty-six notices of his works are cited from reviews. Of these, seventeen, just sixty-five per cent., are derived from the *Nation*. But the laudatory matter from the *Nation* occupies a hundred and sixty lines. The critiques from all other papers occupy eighty lines—which is an odd way of presenting a conspectus of general opinion.

Miss Ella Dietz (Mrs. Clymer), President of Sorosis, is said to be one of the foremost women of America. To her poems; *q.v.*, "Allibone, Supplement," does not accord one line of extract in praise or blame. I have repaired the omission *in loco*.

H. C. ANDERSEN.

Der **Improvisator,** Roman. *Leipzig* ( ).

This is the first German book (not this copy) I ever saw. I did not then know it was German. It was in the hands of an evil genius. It will be interesting some day to see whether *mal' occhia* is to be found in it.

ARABIAN NIGHTS.

Mille et une nuits, traduits par Galland, 3 vols. *Garnier* ( ).

The "real" Arabian nights. The old-fashioned book, whose lovers were discomposed by the innovations or restorations of Lane, *q.v.*, is a translation of this.

"*O mes chers Mille et un Nuits!*" says Fantasio, and he speaks in the name of all them that have lived the life that Galland alone made possible.—HENLEY, VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

ARÈNE ET TOURNIER.

Des **Alpes aux Pyrenées.** *Flammarion*, 1891.

Amounts to a pretty collection of views in what may be called Roman France. A coloured picture of an *Arlésienne* occupies the cover. It is curious that the name of one of the authors is a translation of *arena*, the Italian for "amphitheatre."

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Universal review. *October*, 1888.

Arnold's lately published poems contain an address to a pair of slippers from ancient Egypt. This is considered one of the gems of the collection. It is here illustrated with an amplitude which the large size of the magazine has made possible.

C. C. ATCHISON.

A **Winter cruise in summer seas.**

Sampson Low, 1891.

The book narrates a two months' voyage in a steamer to South American ports, while people were shivering in England. The author tells "how he found" health while being carried round. An invalid could not more agreeably spend the sum of £100—*ubi adest.*

HIPPOLYTE AUDEVAL.

Les **Amours d'un pianiste.** *Calmann Levy*, 1880.

The story of an English couple resident in Paris, and of their French pianist. One is so little accustomed to French praise of English women that the following contrasted picture may be valued :—

Oh ! qu'alors je sentis la différence qui sépare Cordelia des autres femmes! Certes, Fanny est bien belle, miraculeusement belle. Mais ses cheveux, qu'elle a superbes, elle les fait flamboyer à donner mal aux yeux. Son pied, qu'elle a petit, elle le montre sans cesse. Sa main, elle en joue comme un instrument en ayant l'air de dire, "Admirez-donc!" Elle met en relief tout ce qu'elle a de bien, elle dissimule tout ce qui est defectueux; elle se livre à un travail enorme pour accentuer tous les effets de sa beauté, elle fait des fioritures, elle fait du frou-frou, tandis que Cordelia, irréprochable d'ensemble et de détails, apparait avec cette simplicité souveraine et rayonnante qui caractérise les créations parfaites.

Et pour l'intelligence, l'esprit, l'âme, quelle différence encore! Lorsque Cordelia parle, son langage est profond et plein comme la voix de l'Océan.—231, 232.

J. BARBEY D'AUREVILLY.

Impressions et souvenirs, par CHARLES BUET.

Paris, 1891.

Not merely the history of a literary beau, with specimens of his opinions, but a great collection of other opinions. To use it, I should have to make an index. This is what I mean by a beau—

A la grande joie des passants, en 1888, il se promenait encore vêtu

J. Barbey d'AUREVILLY.

Impressions et souvenirs (*continued*).

d'un pantalon à bande de satin noir, moulant comme un maillot, ayant gilet de velours noir avec cravate de satin blanc ; jabot et manchettes de dentelle d'or. Des diamants pour boutons de chemise, des gants clairs couturés de noir et un chapeau à larges bords, planté de côté. On sait pourtant que, d'après Vapereau, Barbey d'Aurevilly était né en 1808.—Tissot, Évolutions de la critique.

J. Barbey d'AUREVILLY.

Littérature étrangère. *Lemerre*, 1891.

Abounds in piquant passages, *e.g.*—

L'affreux Dr. Johnson, l'hippopotame de la lourde critique anglaise, fut en Angleterre un de ceux qui ne durent rien comprendre à l'imagination de Sterne.

Lessing était le seul qui pût se mesurer avec Voltaire et que Voltaire ne faisait pas trembler . . . avec quel ton cavalier il traite cette vieille idole japonaise qui avait tourné la tete à l'Europe ! Comme il prend ses pièces et leurs préfaces sophistiquées, et comme il detache de ces pièces et de ces préfaces tout cet affreux plaqué que Voltaire, qui ne travaillait qu'en plaqué dans l'art dramatique, ne croit pas, mais veut nous donner pour le pur érable (*sic*) d'œuvres originales et sinceres.

A Roman Catholic lady once told me that their name for Ritualists was "best electro-plate." Of Captain Lawrence we read—

Je suis convaincu que je tiens la (in the author of *Guy Livingstone*) un maitre dans l'ordre du roman, et s'il n'a pas la conscience de cela, il faut que la critique la lui donne.

But it would be injustice to cite merely piquant passages. The following is from an article on Byron :—

En touchant son sol, comme Antée en touchant la terre, sa mère, la force lui vint. La force de Byron, en effet, sa grâce, son mouvement, et je dirais presque la divinité anthromorphite de sa poésie, tout est du plus pur grec qui ait jamais existé. Jusque-là, tristement Anglais, ce fut dans *Childe Harold* qu'il jaillit Grec et qu'il se rapporta Grec à sa patrie. . . . Dans le *Don Juan*, il le devint tellement dans le chant du chanteur grec, au noces d'Haïdée, qu'on aurait pu dire que le mode ionien resuscité avait fondu, sous son haleine de rose, la langue anglaise, le sauvage et naturel idiome du poète ! Et il ne l'était pas uniquement par le théâtre de ses poèmes, par la tournure et le costume de ses héros. La Grèce moderne, qui, malgré ses malheurs, ressemble tant à sa mère morte, imprimait sa sublime ressemblance dans le miroir de cette poésie, colorée et pur comme son ciel et ses mers. Sous les brumes du spleen anglais, on retrouvait l'azur lumineux de la Grèce éternelle, de la Grèce aux immuables horizons, aux lignes sinueuses, aux contours arrêtés dans leur splendeur nette,

J. Barbey d'AUREVILLY.

Littérature étrangère (*continued*).

en ces vers anglais plus étonnants encore que s'ils avait été écrits dans la langue d'Alcée et de Pindare, et qui, bien plus sculptés que peints encore, ressemblent à des bas-reliefs de Phidias!

That is finely said! Hear him on *Romeo and Juliet*—

Et ce que constitue tout entier ce chef-d'œuvre des chefs-d'œuvres de Shakespeare, ce n'est pas seulement cette merveille de Juliette et de Roméo et les sentiments qu'ils expriment dans la langue la plus enchantée qui ait jamais été modulée parmi les hommes. Ce n'est pas ce groupe digne de Polyclès, noyé dans la lumière et les morbidesses du Corrège, et dont le monde, tant que le sentiment de l'idéal vivra en lui, retiendra dans sa memoire charmé les trois immortelles attitudes, les trois inoubliables gestes—le baiser donné par Roméo à Juliette et rendu par Juliette à Roméo avec la fougue naïve de l'amour vrai et l'intrépidité de l'innocence;—l'adieu au balcon dans l'air auroral, empli de joyeux cris de l'alouette qui ne sont *plus les chants du rossignol*;—et enfin l'entrelacement, sur le marbre du même mausolée, de ces deux êtres si vivants, devenus par la mort deux pales statues! Tout ceci, qui suffirait seul à la gloire du plus grand des poètes, n'a pas cependant été tout pour Shakespeare. . . . C'est la comédie encore plus que la tragédie qui fait le mérite sans pareil du poète anglais dans son drame de *Roméo et Juliette*. C'est la vie qui y est encore plus belle que la mort—la mort plus belle que tout, pourtant, dans les grands poètes, et surtout dans un poète comme Shakespeare!—23, 24.

And here is something about *Lear*—

Le *Roi Lear*, comme *Roméo*, comme *Macbeth*, comme *Hamlet*, comme la plupart des drames de Shakespeare, parait, quand on sort de sa lecture, le chef-d'œuvre hors ligne, la *master-piece* des pièces de Shakespeare; mais ce n'est peut-être là que le recommencement d'une impression. On y trouve le pathetique dans les situations, la puissance de conception dans les caractères, la beauté idéale dans les sentiments, l'energie ou la grace dans le langage qu'il faut admirer partout dans Shakespeare; en d'autre termes, identité du même génie, dans des sujets différents. Mais, qu'on me permette de le dire, j'oserais croire qu'il y a dans Lear un arrangement d'art plus profond, des articulations plus formidables, et que jamais Shakespeare n'a campé debout de création plus forte et qu'il ait fait marcher de ce pas-là devant nos esprits confondus!—49, 50.

☞ *I have been troubled to determine whether the preceding books should be placed under "A" or "B." Aurevilly's biographer does the one and Lorenz's bibliography the other. I have let the matter be settled by the fact that somewhere in this volume I have referred to these entries as under the name Aurevilly. So the reader will not be misled.*

GEORGE BAINTON.

The **Art of authorship,** literary reminiscences, methods of work, and advice to young beginners, personally contributed by leading authors of the day.

James Clarke, 1890.

How joyfully leading authors of the day have contributed, let two of them "personally" say:—

Mrs. —— denies having given Mr. Bainton leave to print her letter, and considers that its appearance in a collection of letters headed "The art of authorship," and published as a book, is a breach of faith.

Mr. —— . . . I hear of the use Mr. Bainton has made of what I wrote with surprise and regret.—THE AUTHOR.

Thus the book has all the attraction of forbidden fruit.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

La **Cousine Bette.** *Calmann Levy* ( ).

In this story Baron Hulot is enslaved by Madame de Marneffe, on whom he spends much money, to the detriment of his family. This is what she has to say about it: "Do my adorers desert me?"

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

Études philosophiques. *Calmann Levy,* 1891.

A young man of about twenty asked his master in business how he could best learn conversational French. He said, "Read Balzac's novels." The youth did not take the advice, and so did not learn that the young men in Balzac's novels get on by cultivating married ladies. The upshot was that an opportunity was neglected. A married lady who ought to have been cultivated had the chance of wrecking his life, in a romantic sense, which she used.

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

La **Vieille fille,** &c. *Charpentier,* 1839.

I once borrowed some of Balzac's novels from a circulating library. The print and size of the edition seemed to me ideal. This volume was bought later, as a reminiscence—the same edition, picked up at a stall for about threepence, in half calf.

JOHN BARROW.

Tour on the Continent, by rail and road, in the summer of 1852. *Longman,* 1853.

Was worth 2*d.* as an account of travel fifty years ago.

JOHN BARTLETT.

Familiar quotations. *Routledge* ( ).

Bound in Japanese silk (so the binder said) with limp sides.

The following will show the far-reaching nature of Mr. Bartlett's book. Most of us have heard of Providence being on the side of big battalions:—

La fortune est toujours pour les gros bataillons.

LETTRES DE SEVIGNÉ.

JOHN BARTLETT.

Familiar quotations. *Routledge,* 1883.

A book of gems, set, so to say, in parallel passages from ancients and moderns. As to arrangement, it may be called a perfect book, thus composed—i. an alphabetical list of authors; ii. the quotations arranged in order of time; iii. an index of extraordinary fulness, extending to 251 pages of two columns each.

JOHN BARTLETT.

Familiar quotations. *Macmillan,* 1891.

A book of books. 850 pages (*circa*) are occupied with the most celebrated passages from English writers from Chaucer downwards, from the ancients, from the Old and New Testaments and the Common Prayer, and by a collection of proverbial sayings, English and foreign—all illustrated from the literature of the ancient and modern world. There is a key to the contents in an index of nearly 300 pages in double column of small print. The conscientiousness with which the book is produced is shown by the fact that English writers are allowed to retain their spelling, although the author and the printers are American.

One cannot pay a greater tribute to a book than to house three copies of it in a "library" of about 400 volumes. They are successive editions. (Why not get rid of the two earlier editions, the less complete?) The first is light and flat, suitable for the pocket, the second copy is a specimen of wholesome English printing, famously large considering the matter to be presented. It is in its third binding. I tried a couple of experiments in order to get the utmost flexibility of opening. The third copy is not pretty in print or binding.

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

Journal, 2 vols. *Charpentier,* 1890.

J'aime le duc de H ——, et je ne puis lui dire que je l'aime et si je le lui disais même, il n'y ferait pas attention. . . . Aujourd'hui j'ai vu encore le duc de H——. Personne ne se tient comme lui; il a l'air tout à fait d'un roi quand il est dans sa voiture.

This is written when she is twelve years old. Later on we find:—

Quand Remy vint me dire, aux courses de Bade, qu'il venait de parler au duc de H——, mon cœur eut un secousse. . . . Je cherche ma leçon, lorsque la petite Heder ma gouvernante anglaise, me dit: "Savez-vous que le duc se marie avec la duchesse M——?" J'ai senti comme un couteau s'enfoncer dans ma poitrine.

Heine speaks of Napoleon's eyes, so also does B. R. Haydon. Marie notices Napoleon III.:—

. . . notre pauvre Empereur, qu'on accuse d'avoir les yeux étranges. Tous ceux qui portent des casques ont les yeux comme l'Empereur. Je ne sais si cela tient au casque qui tombe sur les yeux, ou à l'imitation. Quant à l'imitation, c'est connu en France, tous les soldats ressemblaient à Napoléon.

Some would say that all this had been studied and contrived. The study of head-pieces has not been unknown in England.

This girl of twelve has thought on marriage, and reflects on paper what she has seen:—

Je ne vois pas pourquoi on traitera son mari en animal domestique, et pourquoi, tant qu'on n'est pas mariée, on veut plaire à cet homme? Pourquoi ne resterat-on pas toujours coquette avec son mari et ne le traiterait-on pas comme un étranger qui vous plait? Est-ce parce qu'on peut s'aimer ouvertement, et parce que ce n'est pas un crime, et parce que le mariage est beni par Dieu? Est-ce parce que ce qui n'est pas défendu n'est rien? . . . Je comprends bien autrement tout cela.

WILLIAM BATES.

Maclise portrait gallery of illustrious literary characters, with memoirs, biographical, critical, bibliographical, and anecdotic, illustrative of the literature of the former half of the present century. *Chatto and Windus,* 1883.

An excellent index makes the *Maclise gallery* a work of reference.

William BATES (*continued*).

Talleyrand is among the portraits. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's description of it is quoted by Mr. Bates from his works, *q.v.*—

> The picture is more than a satire; it might be called a diagram of damnation; a ghastly historical verdict which becomes the image of the man for ever.

Contrast Balzac on Talleyrand. The passage is from one of the books in this collection:—

> Le prince auquel chacun lance sa pierre, et qui méprise aussi l'humanité pour lui cracher au visage autant de serments qu'elle en demande, a empeché le partage de la France au congrès de Vienne: on lui doit des couronnes, on lui jete de la boue.—Père Goriot.

Mr. Bates explains how Walt Whitman became a poet—

> —— laid a plot to test the gullibility of the public in matters of taste and criticism. He dug up an American poet who had never written a line of "poetry" in his life, and who, in all he had written, was bombastic, coarse, conceited and irreverent. He reprinted him in England, wrote an eulogistic preface, and engaged some friends to aid the scheme by unstinted and indiscriminate laudation. The bait took. Walt Whitman was the noblest transatlantic "tone" yet heard.—99.

Turn we to a pleasanter picture, the *Quarterly Review's* editor, extracted from an obituary in the *Times*—

> It was characteristic of Lockhart's peculiar individuality that, wherever he was at all known, whether by man or woman, by poet, man of letters, or man of the world, he touched the hidden chord of romance in all. No man less affected the poetical, the mysterious, or the sentimental; no man less affected anything; yet as he stole stiffly away from the knot, which, if he had not enlivened, he had hushed, there was not one who did not confess that a being had passed before them who had stirred all the pulses of the imagination, and realised what is generally only ideal in the portrait of a man. To this impression there is no doubt that his personal appearance greatly contributed, though too entirely the exponent of his mind to be considered a separate cause. Endowed with the very highest order of manly beauty, both of features and expression, he retained the brilliancy of youth and a stately strength of person comparatively unimpaired in ripened life; and then, though sorrow and sickness suddenly brought on a premature old age, which none could witness unmoved, yet the beauty of the head and of the bearing so far gained in loftiness of expression what they lost in animation, that the last phase, whether to the eye of painter or of anxious friend, seemed always the finest.

I remember reading this notice at the time, and wondering what a newspaper man could know of Lockhart's "iron self-control." I now learn that Mr. Elwin or Lady Eastlake may have been the writer.

ERNEST QUENTIN BAUCHART.

Mes livres, 1864—1874. *Paris*, 1877.

Si j'ai réussi à réunir quelques livres qui semblent digne de retenir un moment l'attention des hommes de goût, c'est à l'inimitable artiste qui m'a relié tant de charmantes volumes . . . que je le dois.—PREFACE.

Mentoris ostentat artem! Of the soul in a book, not one word. Here is a specimen of the entries—

> ..... 98. Histoire de Madame Henriette d'Angleterre, suivie des Mémoires de la cour de France (1688—1689, par Mme. de La Fayette), Amsterd. 1742, 2 tomes en 1 vol. in-12, mar. r., fil., tr. dor. (*Rel. anc.*).
>
> Exemplaire aux armes de Mme. ADÉLAÏDE, fille de Louis XV.

The description, being translated, is "original red morocco binding, with bands, gilt edges."

To a man whose books are not to be vaunted for their appearance, this catalogue of a private library is incomprehensible. The number of articles enumerated is 152. At the end we have the numbers again, with a price to each. Whether that is the sum paid for each book, or the estimated value, or the money actually obtained for it, is not stated. The gross amount is 154,569 francs = £6000; say, £40 for each book all round.

An expert would probably value the whole collection of books set forth in the volume before the reader at less than £40. I should say, naturally, that it is worth more. If a man spent 6*d.* a week for eighteen years, that would amount to £22 10*s.* Of course more money has been spent, but allowing for what may have been received on parting with a book occasionally, or for the benefit of an exchange, I should say that £22 10*s.* is not far from what the cost has been.

HEINRICH BAUMANN.

Londinismen, Slang und Cant . . . &c. *Berlin*, 1882.

A dictionary of English slang with German explanations. It is enriched by numerous quotations of ditties, nursery songs, and the like. The book shows immense research and cleverness. But, as was inevitable, the author stumbles now and then, *e.g.*—

Damn (verdammt)—*the thing could we find* (*Nights at sea*), nicht ein gottverdammtes Ding konnten wir finden.

This is very droll. The phrase Mr. Baumann cites in illus-

HEINRICH BAUMANN (*continued*).

tration of the word is nonsense. But his German translation is a perfect reflection of the true English expression, "Not a damned thing could we find."

Adonize putzen, sich putzen.

S'adoniser is French for "to adorn oneself." In England we have had an "Adonis of fifty," a phrase which sent Leigh Hunt to prison, but the verb is not.

MARÉCHAL BAZAINE.

Armée du Rhin. *Henri Plon*, 1872.

The preface is a military treatise, applied to the condition and needs of the French army. I do not know that I should keep the book but for its beautiful coloured maps. Bazaine was a sinister general. Here is the sinister side of the Rhine:—

A partir du jour ou l'armée du Rhin et l'armée de la Moselle, battues à Froeschwiller et à Forbach, furent forcées de se mettre en retraite, il fut facile de s'apercevoir combien cette frontière, depuis dix ans, avait été étudiée, battue, minée par l'état-major allemand.

Pas une ville, pas une bourgade, pas un hameau n'étaient étrangers aux soldats allemands; un grand nombre revenaient occuper en uniformes les contrées qu'ils avait habitées auparavant comme ouvriers ou comme paysans.—CLAUDE, MÉMOIRES.

And the French officers had maps of Germany, only! The eyes of all were fixed on their neighbours' vineyard, which was nicely mapped out.

J. D. BELTON.

Literary manual of foreign quotations. *Putnam*, 1891.

This is what I would call an enlightened book, if the phrase will pass. The quotations are illustrated not merely from regulation authors, but from magazines, newspapers, and the most modern French writers. The expression *Je ne sais quoi* is a good instance. It brings together passages from Chesterfield, Kinglake, and Guy de Maupassant.

BERTALL.

La **Comédie de notre temps,** 3 vols. *Paris*, 1874-5.

Caricatures of Parisian and sea-side life, exceptionally elegant.

( )

Die **besten Bücher** aller Zeiten und Litteraturen. *Pfeilstücker*, 1889.

This is the German analogue to the "Hundred best books," only the number is not restricted.

BIBEL.

Illustrirte Hausbibel nach der deutschen Uebersetzung von Dr. Martin Luther. *Pfeilstücker*, 1888.

A family Bible, a very heavy book. But it has about 1000 bright engravings, not fancy pictures, but after photos from objects. Thus the Dead Sea, the Plain of Jezreel, the Garden of Gethsemane, &c., are seen as they are.

BIBLE.

Holy Bible. *Clarendon Press* ( ).

An ideal book, the size small rather than large octavo, with legible print and references. The paper is thin, but only so as to induce a tender turning over of the leaves. Their edges are red under burnished gold. The boards are of the lightest, just short of being flexible, covered with coarse-grained dark-purple morocco, simply lettered, without gilding; but the chocolate paper lining has a border of ornamental gold on leather.

BIBLE.

Sainte Bible, par Louis Segond. *Clarendon Press*, 1880.

A neat little example of the Bible in French, so bound in cheap cloth as to open with wonderful facility.

Biblia Sacra. *Parisiis*, 1878.

I bought this for the sake of the sonorous language.

Augustine BIRRELL.

Charlotte Bronte. *Walter Scott*, 1887.

BOCCACE.

Contes, illust. par Johannot. *Barbier*, 1846.

When about twenty years old I had the opportunity of turning over the leaves of this. I learnt more French from it than from any other book. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* I have waited years to get a copy, not too dear, for old acquaintance sake.

LÉON BOUCHER.

Histoire de la littérature anglaise.

Garnier, 1890.

A compact little handbook, interesting as being from the French standpoint.

PAUL BOURGET.

Crime d'amour. *Lemerre*, 1890.

PAUL BOURGET.

Mensonges, illust. de Myrbach. *Lemerre*, 1890.

Some years since, I was on the look-out for psychological romances. Well, here they are, and their motto might be *Vanitas vanitatum.*

H. COURTHOPE BOWEN.

Descriptive **Catalogue of historical novels** and tales. *Stanford*, 1882.

The stories are "upon" the history of fifteen countries.

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

Essays on **German literature.** *Unwin*, 1892.

It is a question of national temperament whether romanticism assumes the form of poetic regret and passive retrospection or of active revolt against the hard prose represented by kings and governments . . . romanticism not only means different things in different countries, but it means different things at different times. In Germany it was, on the one hand, the utilitarianism of the period and enlightenment which drove the school into an idealism, scorning all the servile morality of the Philistine; and, on the other hand, it was the pagan classicism of Goethe and Schiller which impelled it, by the impetus of opposition, towards patriotism, mediæval enthusiasm and Catholicism.—357.

That is from an essay on Romanticism in Germany. This is from the paper on Goethe's relations to women—

Though of all the women who figure in Goethe's autobiography, Lili (Schönemann) was, as it appears to me, best qualified to make him happy, I believe he acted wisely in refusing to become enslaved to a life that was uncongenial to him . . . he would not have found time to record his inner and outer life so minutely if he had been wedded to Lili. As it is, his is the most completely recorded life which history or literature has to show.—159, 161.

English translations of Goethe are among the topics.

( )

British ballads, old and new, illustrated, selected and edited by GEORGE BARNETT SMITH, 2 vols.
Cassell, 1886.

This is a book to go to for consolation, not the less because of the awful grief of which some of the ballads are the vehicle—

"Flows Yarrow sweet? As sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow. . . .
How love him on the banks of Tweed
That slew my love on the braes of Yarrow?
O Yarrow fields! may never rain
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;
For there was basely slain my love—
My love, as he had not been a lover."

ROBERT W. BROUGH.

Songs of the governing classes. *Vizetelly,* 1890.

The date of the preface is 1855. The "Governing classes of Great Britain" is the title of a collection of parliamentary sketches, by Edward Whitty, written in 1853 or earlier.

W. C. BROWNELL.

French traits, an essay in comparative criticism.
David Nutt, 1889.

Arriving from London, either at Paris or at the smallest provincial town—Calais itself, say—the absence of individual competition, of personal pre-occupation, of all the varied inhospitality, the stony, inaccessible self-absorption which depress the stranger in London whenever he is out of hail of an acquaintance, the conspicuous amenity everywhere suffuse with a profoundly grateful warmth the very cockles of an American's heart At first it seems as if all the world were really one's friends . . . you feel almost as if you could borrow money of them without security. . . . Nothing is less agreeable to the Anglo-Saxon heart than to discover that it has beaten with unreasonable warmth. . . . . You understand Thackeray's feeling towards the "distinguished foreigner" whom he met crossing the Channel, and who "readily admitted the superiority of the Briton on the seas or elsewhere," only to discover himself, the voyage over, in his real character of a hotel-runner, or, as Thackeray puts it, "an impudent, sneaking, swindling French humbug."—24, 25.

"Stony, inaccessible self-absorption" is good—because true. This is the best book on France that I know, full of literary reference in illustration of manners.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Poems. *Warne*, 1892.

Here are the famous *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

OSCAR BROWNING.

Goethe, his life and writings. *Sonnenschein*, 1892.

A useful, business-like review of the life as illustrating the works, which are enumerated. In the text we find mention of the *West-östliche Divan*. In the bibliographical list it is the *West-Ostlichen Divan*—three mistakes in thirty-five letters. Whence we must presume that German is a difficult language for the English don. In Germany the name is printed *West-östlicher Divan*. The portrait of young Goethe, from a bust, is very handsome.

GEORG BÜCHMANN.

Geflügelte Worte, 14te Auflage. *Berlin*, 1884.

Rightly named *Citatenschatz des deutschen Volkes*, for it has become almost a classic as a guide to passages in the classics of various countries. Seven languages are represented, and yet the volume looks insignificant beside a merely English book of quotations. The space is farther lessened by the citations being set in the text somewhat like truffles in a Strasburg pie. For all that, the consulter is apt to find what he wants.

At the same time, I think that an unscientific index of one alphabet would have made the book usefuller than do the seven indexes, each representing a language.

Amusement is hardly to be looked for in a book of reference. However, the author gives, extracted from Lanfrey, a saying of Talleyrand :—

L'assassinat est la mode de destitution usité en Russie.

Which may be translated, "Changes of government in Russia are brought about by assassination."

The English Bible named at page 14, Bartlett's *Quotations*, Cassell's *French dictionary*, Daudet's *Tartarin sur les Alpes*, Ploetz' *Littérature française*, Stoffel's *Rapports*, and "Büchmann" were experiments in binding. A young bookbinder, who thought he had made a discovery, got me to write something about it. In return, he bound me about half a dozen specimen volumes at a low price. The edges of "Büchmann" are wholly untrimmed, the top gilt, the boards, half-limp, covered with vellum, delightful to the touch.

ANTOINE BUNAND.

Petits lundis, notes de critique. *Perrin,* 1890.

Thirty very nice essays, some of them critiques of critics, which help to an understanding of French literature.

JOHN BUNYAN.

Pilgrim's Progress. *Cassell* ( ).

When the time was come for them to depart, they went to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, Farewell night, welcome day. His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Is anything printed more affecting than these passings away?

ROBERT BURNS.

Love songs, by SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS. *Cameo Library,* 1892.

The Editor's aim has been to illustrate the progress and variety of the genius of Burns, the love poet . . . no attempt at expurgation has been made. . . . New and interesting details relating to Highland Mary have been incorporated in the introduction.—ix.

The Southron, in his ignorance, has to believe the Scotch spelling all right. In the contents he finds "XIII. Menies' Bonie Mary;" in the introduction Burns is quoted as saying, "She was a bonnie, sweet, sousie lass;" and in the songs themselves we find that Lesley is bonie. Are these Scotch ladies "bony" or "bonny"?

BUSSY-RABUTIN.

Histoire amoureuse des Gaules suivie de la France galante, 2 vols. *Paris* ( ).

. . . il est brillant et comme reluisant. . . . Son style, au bons endroits, a le *nitor* des anciens. On a, vers ce même temps, appliqué le mot et l'éloge d'*urbanité* à trois écrivains . . . l'urbanité de Bussy, à son beau moment, était la seule qui sentit tout-à fait le courtisan aisé et homme du monde.

"On a mille fois entendu vanter, disait-on de lui en son temps, la politesse de son esprit, la delicatesse des pensées, un noble enjouement, une naïveté fine, un tour toujours naturel et toujours nouveau, *une certaine langue qui fait paraître toute autre langue barbare.*" C'est beaucoup dire, et je dois avertir aussi que c'est d'une harangue d'Académie que je tire ces louanges. On comprendra pourtant qu'on les ait pu faire.—SAINTE BEUVE.

The episode called *Le perroquet, ou les amours de Mademoiselle,* is a beautiful story of ill-starred courtship.

COLONEL SIR W. F. BUTLER.

Sir Charles Napier. *Macmillan*, 1890.

There were two famous Sir Charles Napiers. The title-page might have made it clear that this is Charles James, not the orator of "Sharpen your cutlasses."

"The Twenty-Second gave me three cheers after the fight ( ), and one during it" he writes. "Her Majesty has no honour to give that can equal that." What a leader! What soldiers!—135.

BYRON.

Life, letters, and journals of Lord Byron, complete in one volume, with notes. *John Murray*, 1838.

One of the few books that one can always go to for solace, and find it. The advertisements at the end are an interesting reflex of literary activity fifty years ago. The printing of them is a model in its way. Those were the days of "Gurwood's" Despatches in twelve volumes at a sovereign each. The famous Handbooks "were not." The title of Careme's *Cookery* reads like a joke. It is probably not all *maigre*.

Byron said somewhere that he hated to see women eat. This was accepted and condoned as a mere eccentricity of the poetic temperament. One day I was in a train in Italy; third class, of course. In the same compartment was a woman apparently out for the day with her children—a veritable Madonna as we see in old paintings, whose eyebrows were as an aureole above her eyes, and whose simply-parted hair seemed to overarch a heaven of serenity. Presently she began to eat an apple. The troubled surface and distorted features brought Byron's words to mind. Here, as at page 69 of this book, we find that the poet was a see-er.

BYRON.

Works, 4 vols.; **Don Juan,** 2 vols. *Murray*, 1828.

Printed on hand-made paper which the binding of half russia, rough edges, has left wavy, and the leaves are not even shaved at the crown. The size is what the slang of the day calls "Elzevir."

BYRON.

Works, in one volume. *Francfort*, 1829.

Foreign editions often contain matter which is not found in English editions. Here, among "unacknowledged pieces" of Byron, we find "The burial of Sir John Moore."

The lines, written by the late Rev Charles Wolfe on the burial of Sir John Moore, which, in Medwin's *Journal*, are incorrectly attributed to Lord Byron. . . . On the 16th April, 1817, I received Mr. Wolfe's lines, and on the 19th of the same month they were published, with the initials of his name (C. W.) annexed, in the *Newry Telegraph*, of which I was editor. They were written by Wolfe, then a student in Trinity College, Dublin, on reading the affecting account of Sir John Moore's burial in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*.

Nov. 2, 1824. JAMES STUART,
Editor of the *Belfast Newsletter*.

That is from the *Courier* of November 9, 1824.

HUGH CALLAN.

Wanderings **on wheel** and on foot **through Europe.** *Sampson Low*, 1887.

Remarkable as the production of a young traveller fresh from college. One of the most vivid bits of bicycling is the account of descending towards Lausanne at racing speed in the dark, without a light.

The two extracts which follow are capital pictures of friendly manners in Germany. *Freundlich* is a very German word.

STRASSBURG.

"Here in Strassburg* I enjoyed a Sunday's rest, seated on a balcony high above the street where thronged pleasure-seekers and church-goers. The sun shone through the clematis round our bower just enough to make one feel it was summer. There I sat, read and smoked, or listened to the lively talk of the hostess and her daughter and a girl friend of hers, who had come to see the stranger. They played to me, at first brisk and merry airs; then, when I told them I did not like loud rollicking music on Sundays, soothing strains, sweet and low, came floating out to me as I sat alone. Now and then deep sounds would reach my ear, and deepen my reveries as the bells of the cathedral proclaimed the divisions of the passing day. High over the roofs the spire appeared in all its delicate lace-like tracery, itself 400 feet nearer heaven than we below, and by its giddy loneliness, disturbed only by the doves and storks that sweep and circle about its angles, stealing man's soul away for a season from the sordid things of earth."

Surely this is beautifully expressed. One may add a week-day scene in Germany :—

* Strictly German official spelling.

Hugh CALLAN (*continued*).

MAINZ.

"There I met some real German characters, with less heaviness about their wits than the Prussians display: a master cook, whose waggishness would have done honour to a Frenchman; a broken-down, tippling artist, who, if you cared to believe him, had painted all the most meritorious works of art in the galleries of Munich; an officer who was grievously at a loss whether to love me because of my intelligence in military politics, or to hate me because of the attentions bestowed by the sweet daughter of the house on the young English stranger. Indeed, they have sweet, winning, happy faces, these damsels of the Rhine. Perhaps there is no other district in Europe where the people in general are so intelligently happy and contented as along the Rhine; and, of course, this trait shows soonest and best in Nature's second thought, the lasses."

Mr. Callan is a young gentleman to be envied, so to have apprehended the pleasures and influences of travel.

Jane Welsh CARLYLE.

Early letters, by David Ritchie. *Sonnenschein,* 1889.

There came a huge parcel from him (a rejected suitor) containing a letter for mother expressed with a still greater command of absurdity than the preceding ones, and a quantity of music for me (*pour parenthèse,** I shall send you a sheet of it, having another copy of "Home, sweet home" beside), and in two days more another letter and another supply of music. Hitherto there had been nothing of *hope*, nothing more of love or marrying; but now my gentleman presumed to flatter himself, in the expansion of the folly of his heart, that *I might possibly change my mind.* Ass! I change my mind, indeed! and for him! Upon my word, to be an imbecile as he is, he has a monstrous stock of modest assurance! However, I very speedily relieved him of any doubts which he might have upon the matter. I told him *ce que j'ai fait je ferois encore*, in so many words as must (I think) have brought him to his senses—if he has any. He has since written to mother, begging of her to deprecate my——

There the transaction rests, and peace be with us.

I have neither heard nor seen anything of Doctor Fieff (Fyffe)—the Lord be praised! He not only wasted an unreasonable proportion of my time, but his *puffs* and explosions were very hurtful to my nervous system.—24, 25.

She had previously described the gentleman's attire—

. . . vapoured back, in the course of an hour or so, in all the pride of two waistcoats (one of figured velvet, another of sky-blue satin), gossamer silk stockings, and morocco leather slippers. . . . I should not like to pay his tailor's bill.—23.

The sprightliness of these letters is melancholy in the light of the writer's later history as the wife of a sage.

* This is Scotch for *par parenthèse.*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Critical and miscellaneous essays, 2 vols.
Chapman and Hall ( ).

Old imperial free-town Frankfort is not without its notabilities, tragic or comic, in any case, impressive and didactic. The young heart is filled with boding to look into the *Judengasse* (Jew-gate), where squalid, painful Hebrews are banished to scour old clothes, and in hate, and greed, and old Hebrew obstinacy and implacability, work out a wonderful prophetic existence.—II. 133.

Gasse means a narrow street such as Fetter Lane. At Bonn, the *Rheingasse* leads down to the river.

These essays, with their index, I regard as a book of reference.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Sartor Resartus; Heroes; Past and present; Chartism; one vol. *Chapman and Hall* ( ).

I have bought these because it seems that one should read "K'rlyle." But I have not done so yet.

( )

Celebrities of the century . . . edited by LLOYD C. SANDERS. *Cassell,* 1890.

Fourier's ideas are unfolded in these striking words:—

He greatly believed in the manipulation of numbers, by which he thought he could solve any problem. . . . He could pay off the national debt of England in six months by two billions of hens' eggs, a hen laying at the rate of two hundred eggs a year, and the eggs sold at fivepence per dozen. His economic principle was to divide the world into phalanxes of about 2000 persons, and to subdivide each phalanx * into bodies of ten persons. If the whole were thus arranged, a man between eighteen and twenty-eight would do as much work as would enable him to live comfortably for the rest of his life. . . .

* This explains to me the "phalanstery" of Brook Farm.

Here are biographies (*e.g.* that of Mrs. Browning) written with enthusiasm. Arabi Pasha is biographised from his own materials and from personal knowledge. The literary criticisms make the volume precious. A few lines of what is said about Goethe may be cited as a specimen:—

. . . one of the greatest of poets, and perhaps the most impressive personality in the whole history of literature. . . .

If we except the lyrics and, perhaps *Faust, Werther* remains the most complete and perfectly developed work of art that Goethe ever produced. There is much that reminds us of Rousseau in the hero and the landscape, but the picture of German girlhood and German country life in the first half of the story, and the remorseless analysis of the unfettered subjection to feeling that in the second half drags the unhappy man step by step down to destruction, are unequalled in romance.

Celebrities of the century (*continued*).

For more about *Werther* see "Aurevilly" and "Vapereau." Here is part of the estimate of Balzac:—

He is probably the only writer who combines in an equal degree idealism of the very highest kind with what has been sometimes called a fatiguing habit of minute observation. It is in that, from his inferior qualities, that the present crowd of *Realistic* and *Naturalistic* novel-writers of France may claim to be the descendants of Balzac. It suffices to read a few pages of any one of them to perceive that had he not written, not one of them could have been; but not one of them all possesses the merest shadow of his gifts. They are framers of inventories, describers, nothing more; and he would have blushed at the thought of descending to the low devices and mischievous tricks to which they one and all resort to win the favour of a worn-out, vicious-minded public. . . . To have produced *La Recherche de l'absolu* and *Les parents pauvres*, which is the ἔπος of poverty and of the political genius it may evoke in a clever woman—to attain to utter truth in two such opposite directions has been given but to one master in French literature. Balzac stands alone—the origin from which all other prose writers of fiction proceed. Rightly did Balzac entitle his complete works *La comédie humaine* to which he should only have added the words *en France*; for it is French humanity he photographs. But it is that humanity whole and entire, without the smallest detail omitted.—Mdlle. Blaze de Bury.

CHAMBERS'

Encyclopædia, 10 vols. *Edinburgh*, 1888-92.

Very refreshing is the outspokenness of the articles when one reflects on the trammels of an encyclopædia which will be in the libraries of schools and colleges. In the good old days, Zola's name would have been omitted from a work of such purpose.

M. Zola, for good or for ill, was a novelist born. . . . In *La Débâcle* the masterly demonstration of the faults of the French army is hindered, not helped, by the over-minuteness of the accounts of marches and bivouacs, while in certain other instances, which it is not necessary to specify, the superfluous matter is not only dull, but utterly disgusting.

And now let us hear genius answering genius—

Zola has written one of the finest stories ever written by any pen—certainly the finest story of the many which have come from his own pen. It is impossible to convey the sense of complete literary satisfaction which this volume inspires. You positively live with its figures in all their adventures; tremble with their cowardice, glow with their courage, weep with their despair, shiver in their hair-breadth escapes, and positively sometimes feel almost hungry as you read of their starvation. The glow, the movement, the reality of every picture is complete, and it must be added that the impressiveness of the picture is as much created by the reticence and self-

CHAMBERS (*continued*).

restraint as by the picturesqueness and power of the writing. It is true that M. Zola owes something to the teachings of other writers. In many of his scenes I have been reminded of those magnificent chapters in "I Promessi Sposi," in which Manzoni has told the story of the plague in Florence. Doubtless Manzoni in his turn learned something from our own Defoe; and no writer of our time could think of describing war and wholly escape the influence of Tolstoi or of Erckmann-Chatrian.—SUNDAY SUN.

( )

Character in the face; our looks and what they mean. *Chapman and Hall*, 1893.

A sober, studious, and even scientific book—so far as I can judge from a borrowed, uncut copy. It is the result of wide reading, evidently. Books of heads and faces are tiresome, in that, if you wish to know the effect of a particular trait (say a flat top to a head), it does not seem to be noticed. This book has no index and cannot be used for reference.

MARY CHARLOTTE CHAVANNES.

A few **translations from Victor Hugo,** &c. *Kegan Paul*, 1886.

Also specimens from Rückert, Uhland, and French poets.

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope . . . with the Characters, edited by John Bradshaw, 3 vols. *Sonnenschein*, 1892.

These of course had for their object the formation of the character of a perfect gentleman. To define a gentleman has ever been a difficult matter. A letter in the *Spectator* not many months ago recorded a lady's maid's description of her mistress, "She is a perfect lady, you are always safe with her." Here, *mutatis mutandis*, is the perfect gentleman, a man of whom you are sure that he will not play you a trick.

I have sometimes thought that a gentleman might be described as one who can conduct matters of business with pleasantry. Solemnity is the *bourgeois* characteristic. When Chesterfield was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, they say that an official came to him in great perturbation, "They are rising in Connaught, my lord!" Chesterfield pulled out his watch. "It is time they were," he said. We know that jocularity did not prevent his governing well.

Monsieur CLAUDE.

Mémoires de M. Claude, chef de la police de sureté sous la second Empire, 10 vols. *Rouff*, 1881-3.

Contains most curious revelations of the court of Napoleon III. at Compieigne and elsewhere.

We read how Miss Howard was disposed of:—

La belle Anglaise qui prêta huit millions à Bonaparte . . . fut enlevée pendant une nuit et conduite à la frontière ; elle fut étouffée, dit-on, dans son lit.—II., 127, 129.

He gives us Pierre Bonaparte's excellent defence when tried at Tours for shooting Victor Noir. Claude thinks English thieves and German assassins characteristic of their countries and the best of their kind. He did escape being murdered in Alsace, but he was robbed by English thieves in Paris. He was arrested at Dover and brought to London, while in quest of a malefactor whose papers he had about him. He describes an interview with Sir Richard Mayne at Scotland Yard. He found that Sir Richard knew all about the mysterious perils of Alsace.

M. Claude is literary at times. A well-known lady—

. . . devait sa célébrité à un grand poète alors qu'il avait tant à se plaindre de l'illustre bas-bleu pour qui il se mourrait; Alfred de Musset, chez la Farcy, noyait souvent dans l'absinthe les chagrins qui lui causaient les nombreuses infidelités de George Sand.—II., 13.

Here we have the literary and the musical—

Thérésa, par sa voix de sapeur, par sa jeu de banches, faisait l'admiration d'un public idolatre . . . l'étoile des concerts dut son talent au hasard en se composant au café Moka une voix de porteuse d'eau, et en chantant en charge une romance de *Loïsa Puget*. . . Thérésa était le type de la *chanteuse après boire ;* elle devait devenir l'Eurydice vivante et bonne vivante des Orphées en épaulettes qui, en littérature, ne prisaient que Rocambole, en musique l'*Orphée aux enfers ;* en fait de cantatrices Schneider et Thérésa. Celle-ci devait chanter un jour aux Tuileries, elle y chanta ! —II., 214, 215.

Claude was once so imprudent as to descend upon a seller of improper photographs. He hears from a high quarter that he must back out. He parodies "Hell is paved with good intentions"—

Si je n'agissais pas en cette circonstance delicate, j'étais destitué.

Monsieur CLAUDE (*continued*).

Je connaissais les rancunes de la cour imperiale, dès qu'on ne servait pas ses inimités, dès qu'on ne s'associait même pas, pour les pallier, à ses plus mauvaises actions; et la cour impériale en était pavé !

II., 90.

It is very natural that a court should be paved.

When the war of 1870 broke out, Claude was entrusted with the *impedimenta*—a whole railway-train—which Badinguet needed for equipment. It was all but captured by the Germans near Metz, and Claude relates how he got the train back from under fire.

M. Zola gives us an idea of the outfit—

. . . la haine que soulevait les gens de l'empereur, s'emparant des villes où l'on couchait, deballant leur paniers de vin, leur vaisselle d'argent, devant les soldats denués de tout. . . . Ah! ce misérable empereur . . . l'ironie de sa maison de gala, ses cent-gardes, ses voitures, ses chevaux . . . son manteau de cour semé d'abeilles, balayant le sang et la boue des grandes routes de la défaite!

La Débâcle.

Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD.

Last touches, &c., stories.

Adam and Charles Black, 1892.

"What a beautiful book!" Such a mental exclamation is not drawn from a jaded novel-reader many times during his life. *Thomas* is a story to bring tears to the eyes. The following is from *An interlude*—

When they met there had come over her face an expression of restfulness; they seemed to begin their conversation in the middle of one already half finished in their thoughts, or in some dream of which they did not give account. When they parted it was with the knowledge that between them there would be a chapter of life in the future.

A chapter of life with her—some hour when the barriers would be broken down, and they might stand face to face, not fearing to speak the words that were already in their hearts. It was maddening joy to think of, but it could never be; the future was all laid out before him, dull and commonplace; there was no shirking it to go seeking after romance and folly and dreams of greater happiness than that which is the lot of ordinary men and women.—33.

These two persons are "engaged," not to each other. After one irradiated day, they go back to the monotony of accustomed happiness.

Coalition guide, illustrations of the political history of 1853-4. *"Press" Office,* 1854.

A collection of smart Tory political squibs and political pieces directed against the coalition ministry of which Aberdeen and Palmerston were the chief members. This is the sort of thing :—

THE CABINET CARD PARTY.

(*A private apartment at the Foreign Office. The four ministers who assembled hastily to settle the Turkish question are discovered playing at cards, and waiting for despatches.*)

LORD ABERDEEN.—Shuffle, Clarendon.

LORD CLARENDON.—You are always making me shuffle. (*Cards dealt.*) It is Palmerston's lead.

LORD PALMERSTON (*aside*).—I wish it was. (*Plays.*) There, my lords, like the princess in the story, I am always dropping diamonds. (*Slyly*) By the way, Aberdeen, they are very fond of diamonds in Russia, if you happen to know such a place.

LORD ABERDEEN (*sulkily*).—The muckle deil tak Roosha and all her concerns. (*Plays.*)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—Don't, don't. That's a very wicked way of talking. (*Plays.*) I've followed your lead, Palmerston. (*Lord Clarendon plays.*)

LORD PALMERSTON.—And won the trick. It's a way people have who do as I bid them. If somebody I know had trumped Menschikoff's ultimatum with Dundas' broadside, as I advised, we four should not be sitting in a back office the first week in September, instead of shooting partridges. However, we won't talk of that, or the Premier will get revoking, to the great damage of Clarendon's peace of mind.

LORD ABERDEEN.—I wish ye'd just play. Dinna talk so, man.

LORD PALMERSTON.—While I'm talking I'm playing, as has been found out once or twice in the House and elsewhere, my dear Aberdeen. Nobody wastes fewer words than the present Home Secretary, but holding your tongue is not always the best proof of wisdom.

LORD CLARENDON.—Very good *primâ facie* evidence of it, though, if you have nothing to say.—pp. 64, 65.

And so on, for four pages. I think Mortimer Collins was among the authors.

(HENRY COLE.)

Westminster Abbey, by FELIX SUMMERLY. *George Bell,* 1842.

A very early "George Bell," in beautiful preservation. The preface is signed by Henry Cole, who afterwards gave us the "Brompton boilers."

FRANCES COLLINS.

Mortimer Collins, his letters and friendships, 2 vols. *Sampson Low,* 1876.

He had a beautiful theory that second childhood is a period to be looked forward to, much as we are said to look back upon our earliest days. A friend did not know this at the time of the following colloquy :—

F.—How goes the enemy?
M. C.—Why do you call time the enemy?
F.—Because he is *edax rerum.*

This biography, composed by Mortimer Collins' second wife, deals with that part of his life and literary activity which was known to her. After the publication of the book, an article appeared in the (Dublin) *University Magazine* which gave interesting particulars about Collins' earlier life and newspaper work. The article, which absolutely ignored Mrs. Mortimer Collins' work, ended with the expression of a hope that some day an adequate account of Mortimer Collins would be given to the world.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Selections from the poetical works, made by F. PERCY COTTON. *Bentley,* 1886.

Collins had proposed to bring out a new edition of his poems. I let him have my copy of *Idyls and rhymes* on the understanding that he was to give me a copy of the new book, which he did not live to prepare.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Transmigration. *Chatto and Windus,* 1883.

One of Collins' hobbies was deciphering secret writing. The reader will see something of it in this book, which, moreover, is full of his exuberant enjoyment of life.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

Adolphe. *Paris* ( ).

A very cheap edition, which cannot be vaunted as the publishers' ENTIRE—unless it is all they possess of the article.

EDWARD T. COOK.

Handbook to the National Gallery.

Macmillan, 1889.

Mr. Ruskin's famous criticisms on the Turner pictures, &c, are preserved for us here.

J. W. CROKER.

Correspondence and diaries of the RT. HON. J. W. CROKER, by LOUIS JENNINGS, 3 vols. *Murray*, 1885.

I had the good fortune to obtain the *Croker Papers* for about 10*s*. new and uncut. It is, I think, the best book I ever got in that way. Lockhart's opinion of Macaulay and his *Essays* and of the *History of England* is here. It occurs in a letter to Croker, asking him to review the "History" for the *Quarterly*. Lockhart's opinion is no doubt just, but can we suppose that it would have been needful to attack Macaulay if he had not been a Whig essayist, and the *Quarterly* not a Tory organ; any more than that Macaulay would have cut up Croker's *Boswell* if Macaulay had not been an Edinburgh Reviewer and Croker a leading Tory? "A plague o' both your houses!"

Lockhart tells Croker how he composed the Life of Sir Walter Scott, so vehemently assailed when it appeared:—

> Greatly feeling the responsibility imposed on me, in selecting for publication within a few years of his death, I had the whole diary set into type, in order that I might obtain the advice throughout of his most intimate friend Mr. Morritt, and of Milman. Three copies were struck off, and now I have them all, and I have no doubt that in the course of time some heir of his will sell the complete diary for a larger sum than my book brought for the relief of . . . an overburdened estate.—III., 296.

T. CROFTON CROKER.

Fairy legends and traditions of the South **of Ireland.**

Sonnenschein ( ).

"New and complete edition by Thomas Wright, illust. by Maclise and Green."—TITLE-PAGE.

> The publication of the legends of the Shefro, the Cluricaune, the Banshee, the Phooka and Thierna na Oge, produced so great a sensation that Croker began immediately to prepare a second series. With the second he also gave to the world a third. . . . I knew it was Croker's wish to publish the legends complete in one series. It has been my aim in the present edition to edit them according to the plan he designed.—EDITOR'S PREFACE.

This is one of few amusing books I had access to when a boy. The story of the Irishman who paid a visit to the man in the moon and was uncivilly received, especially diverted me.

GEORGE CUPPLES.

Green hand, a sea story: (being) the adventures of a naval lieutenant. *Routledge* ( ).

This came out in *Blackwood* just forty years ago, and bore the simple title "The green hand, a short yarn," a truly nautical name for a story.

☞ *The parentheses show the value of the word "being."*

MARQUIS A. DE CUSTINE.

Lettres à Varnhagen d'Ense et à **Rahel** Varnhagen d'Ense. *Bruxelles,* 1870.

Carlyle, in his essays, extracts a beautiful characterisation of Rahel. It is written by Custine, whose book I have been seeking for years, and have found in 1893.

DANTE.

Divine comedy, translated by LONGFELLOW. *Routledge,* 1867.

The notes are a treasury of literary reference.

DANTE.

Divine comedy, rendered into English by FREDERICK POLLOCK. *Chapman and Hall,* 1854.

The endeavour is to be strictly literal while preserving a metrical form. Scharf's illustrations seem to reflect the terrible sternness of Dante, while Longfellow's literary notes wreathe him as it were with a chaplet of illustration.

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Tartarin sur les Alpes. *Collection Guillaume,* 1886.

The illustrations are not merely elegant, but they convey to the untravelled reader the best idea of what visitors to Switzerland find there—scenery, people, and manners. Tartarin himself delights me not.

The volume is bound in scarlet morocco, demi-limp sides, lined with marbled paper through which runs here and there a thread of gold, at the edge of which is a leather border of work in gold. Where the end-papers double is a hinge of leather. The edges of the leaves are gilt, with a finish which is almost French. The exterior of the cover is absolutely plain, lettered SUR LES ALPES, which makes a perfect title without the help of Tartarin.

W. DAVIES.

A fine old English gentleman, exemplified in the life and character of **Lord Collingwood.**

Sampson Low, 1875.

"Send them to Collingwood," said Lord Nelson, "and *he* will bring them to order. . . ."

And who was Collingwood, that after navy rebels had been imprisoned and scourged without being brought to order, Collingwood could convert them to docility?

Who Admiral Collingwood was . . . history will tell you; nor, in whatever triumphal hall they may be hanging, will the captured flags of Trafalgar fail to rustle at the mention of that name. . . . He was an officer who held in abhorrence all corporal punishment; who, though seeing more active service than any sea-officer of his time, yet, for years together, governed his men without inflicting the lash.

HERMAN MELVILLE'S WHITE JACKET.

That is from one who had been a seaman in the U.S. Navy.

( )

The **Dead leman,** and other tales from the French, by ANDREW LANG and PAUL SYLVESTER.

Sonnenschein, 1890.

I confess to have been caught by the pretty name of this book. In the course of his preface Mr. Lang says:—

Some arts have been lost; the art of translation has never been discovered.—xv.

The English name the translators have given to Merimée's "*Enlèvement de la redoute*" is an illustration. They call it "How we took the redoubt." Now, "carrying" is the precise translation of "enlèvement," and "carried the redoubt" is strict military phrase. Why not have let the English be an exact reflection of the French, and said, "The carrying of the redoubt"? Under the name "Ploetz," the reader who is curious enough, will see how the name of this little, though famous, story has fared in German hands.

DANIEL DEFOE.

Robinson Crusoe, illustrated by Walter Paget.

Cassell, 1891.

A handsome book published very cheap, no doubt as a present for boys. The man who buys it is punished by an *ad captandum* cover whereon poor Robinson Crusoe is incrusted with gold leaf.

FERDINAND DELAUNAY.

Campagne de France, 1870-71, vol. I. *Lacroix*, 1871.

Vengeance! vengeance! Tel est le cri qui s'échappe de tous les cœurs. L'arme de la vengeance sera la rehabilitation; l'étude, le travail, la discipline dans les idées et dans les mœurs.—PREFACE.

In reading Zola's *Débâcle* one feels the need of a map. Here is the very complement of that book, a reflective account of the war, supported by copious citations from despatches, articles, pamphlets and books, with maps from official sources.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

Uncollected writings, 2 vols. *Sonnenschein*, 1892.

The exquisite finish of his style, with the scholastic vigour of his logic, form a combination which centuries may never reproduce, but which every generation should study as one of the marvels of English literature.—QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A Cambridge man, whom I used constantly to see, was never tired of praising De Quincey's style. Let us have a specimen, the beginning of a review of Froude's *Henry VIII.*—

What two works are those for which at this moment our national intellect (or, more rigorously speaking, our *popular* intellect) is beginning clamorously to call? They are these: first, a *Conversations-Lexicon*, obeying (as regards plan and purpose) the general outline of the German work bearing that title, ministering to the same elementary necessities, implying, therefore, a somewhat corresponding stage of progress in our own populace and that of Germany, but otherwise (as regards the executive details in adapting such a work to the special service of an English public) moving under moral restraints sterner by much, and more faithfully upheld, than could rationally be looked for in any great literary enterprise resigned to purely German impulses, for over the atmosphere of thought and feeling in Germany there broods no public conscience, &c., &c.—I. 275.

I should call that circuitous ambling instead of straight writing. One of the papers is on the German language, which moves one to note that the "German work" is called *Conversations-Lexikon.* "Populace," of course, is a superior translation of *populus.* Here is something on Anna Boleyn—

She had irritated the king by one indication of mental imbecility, rarely understood even amongst medical men—namely, the offensive habit of laughing profusely without the least sense of anything ludi-

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (*continued*).

crous or comic. Oxford, or at least one of those who shot at the Queen, was signally distinguished by this habit.—I. 236.

On first reading this passage I thought it meant that some Lord or Earl of Oxford had shot at Queen Anna Boleyn; but, of course, reference is made to an inglorious young man of later date. In the paper called *Ludwig Tieck*, De Quincey writes—

. . . as Eschylus (*sic*) in the *Frogs* shares his supremacy with Sophocles, so would Goethe have invited Tieck to sit beside him on his throne.—II. 155.

What does this mean? The essay on the *Casuistry of duelling*, amid much learning, uses the expression "duels pushed *à l'outrance*." If this is meant for French, it should be *à outrance*. The volumes contain *The household wreck*, an interesting story, but so overlaid with words that I had to skip pages at a time.

PAUL DEROULEDE.

Histoire d'amour, 11me. ed. *Calmann Levy,* 1890.

A story of fraternal love, very *gentilhomme*. I should keep the book, if only because it brings in the Palazzo *Alla giornata* at Pisa.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The personal history of **David Copperfield.** *Chapman and Hall,* 1890.

A long time ago, an "art-ful man" advised me to read this. I did not understand him then, but I do now, and keep the book by me, not as a penance, but in remembrance.

DICKENS'

Dictionary of Paris. *Macmillan,* 1882.

If one might apply a German word to anything about France, I should say that this is singularly *anstandig*, worth keeping and consulting, in spite of the date.

☞ *It will be observed that the way in which I have given the name of the author of this book keeps it clear of the work of Charles Dickens, the novelist.*

ELLA DIETZ.

Triumph of life, mystical poem. *E. W. Allen,* 1885.

AT COMMUNION.

Dost Thou not know? Thine eye can read and see,
Thou who hast compassed grief upon the Tree,
Sounding the heights and depths of human woe,
Can my heart feel a pang Thou dost not know?

Dost Thou not care? Thy heart can probe and feel,
Yea, every smile that fain would tears conceal
Reveals my grief to Thee; no bird of air
Can fall unmarked by Thee, dost Thou not care?

Lord of the least of these, or great or small,
Who numberest hairs, markest the sparrow's fall,
My wine is drunk, yea, even to the lees,
My bark is tossing on tempestuous seas.

There is no wine, yet, Master, by Thy will
The waters turned; and, by Thy "Peace, be still,"
The tempest slept; oh, calm this life of mine,
And give me now to drink Thy draught divine.

I cannot imagine a higher reach of devout poetry than that.

ELLA DIETZ.

Triumph of love, in songs, sonnets, and verse. 1877.

Herrick has shown that an almost Catulline fancy in the weaving of love poetry is not incompatible with appreciation of a purer style. His writing bridged over the chasm between the nature-worshipping of sense and the ideas of the inner man. Miss Dietz has well followed in the path which Herrick has indicated.—PUBLIC OPINION.

A rare grace and a tender beauty breathe forth in these strange songs.—LITERARY WORLD.

ELLA DIETZ.

Triumph of time. *E. W. Allen,* 1884.

I will not fear what man can do to me,
For am I not Thy daughter, O my King?
Yea, Thou canst bind and Thou canst set me free,
Silent I wait on Thee or joyful sing;
When Thou dost bid me, lo! my voice I'll raise
High to the Heavens in songs of gladdening praise,
Or stand in silence without questioning.—96.

These three books are a phenomenon. As Jacob wrestled with the angel, and would not let him go, so does the author of the *Triumphs* seem to wrestle with her Maker.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

Lettres de Lord Beaconsfield à sa sœur, traduites; suivies d'un étude sur Lord Beaconsfield et le party Tory. *Perrin,* 1889.

The last is dated 1852, so "Disraeli" is the writer. I value the book for the notes, which explain many an allusion.

ROBERT B. DIXON.

Fore and aft, a story of actual sea life. *Boston,* 1883.

Three excellent books depict a sailor's life before the mast in all its roughness. All three are American; this one, Captain Samuels' *From forecastle to cabin,* and Dana's *Two years before the mast.* Yet another American author writes of forecastle life, but his ships sail in summer seas—his name is Herman Melville, *q.v.*

G. S. DREW.

Scripture lands in connection with their history, recollections of a journey. *Smith and Elder,* 1860.

"Printed by Smith, Elder & Co., Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey." The publisher's catalogue at the end of the volume is so planned as to *look* interesting.

MARY FRANCES DREW.

Passion play of Oberammergau. *Burns and Oates,* 1881.

Gives us "The complete text for the first time translated."

BARON A. DU CASSE.

Les **Dessous du coup d'état** 1851. *A. Savine,* 1891.

In the *Dernier des Napoléons, q.v.,* the author says:—

Ce milieu bavarois (Augsbourg) lourd et compassé, deteint sur lui au point qu'il ne s'en dégagera jamais entièrement. Ses manières, son attitude et jusqu'à sa prononciation garderont toujours une certain reflet tudesque.—Pages 30, 31.

This is confirmed by M. Du Casse, a friendly writer:—

Son mutisme, causé peut-être un peu à cet époque par un accent germanique très prononcé, assez desagréable à des oreilles françaises. Page 25

The *Dessous du coup d'état* is made useful by a good index of names. In it we find almost fifty notices of Prince Napoleon who died recently. St. Arnaud has about as many references.

GENERAL DUCROT.

Journée de Sédan. *Dentu,* 1871.

Has a coloured military map, which is interesting to one who walked through the locality while the turned earth was yet fresh.

It was remarked that General Ducrot, taken prisoner at Sedan, had broken his parole. The chief remarked, "If we lay hold again of such scoundrels, we ought to hang them in their red trousers, and write upon one leg *parjure*, and on the other *infame*.—BUSCH'S BISMARCK.

General Wimpffen's account is found quoted under "W."

ALEXANDER DUMAS.

Pictures of travel in the South of France.
National Illustrated Library ( ).

The proprietors of the *Illustrated News* for a short time made themselves publishers, and brought out a few pretty books at very low prices. This is one of them. The date is "conjectured" to be about 1852.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Une **Aventure d'amour.** *Calmann Levy,* 1892.

Je remarquai que la déformation de la bouche, si commune chez les vieux Anglais et les vieilles Anglaises, ne s'opérait qu'à un certain age, et que tous les Anglais et toutes les Anglaises jeunes, avaient, en général, des bouches charmantes. Qui peut avoir déformé la bouche au point d'en faire un museau chez les uns, une trompe chez les autres? —C'est le *th*.

The excuse for this extract is its being a complement to "Alden," *q.v.*

Ecclesiastes, by E. H. PLUMPTRE.
Cambridge Press, 1888.

The notes are a literary repertory and index to reading. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Heine, Schopenhauer, *cum multissimis aliis*, are seen in quotations. Dr. Plumptre even cites Heine's profession of faith, *Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*

ELIEZER EDWARDS.

Words, facts and phrases, a dictionary of curious, quaint and out-of-the-way matters.

Chatto and Windus, 1884.

Near side and off side.—The left side of a horse is called his "near side." . . . A term derived from the times when the driver (?) of the horses in a vehicle walked by their side.

Let us turn to the present day. If a man and woman are going out for an airing, the woman steps in first, which brings her to her place, the right hand of the man, who follows. That this may naturally come about, the driver brings the carriage to a standstill with its left side *near* the pavement.

Tot of spirits.—No derivation of this phrase is given by the dictionary-makers. A writer in *Notes and Queries* is responsible for the following:—When Haydn the composer was in England, he was overwhelmed with visitors, and longed for the quiet of his German evenings undisturbed except by the occasional lifting of his glass. At his most brilliant soirées he was in the habit of stealthily retiring now and then to moisten his lips. If he met any one who wished to detain him, he would say, "Excuse me, I have a *tot*" (a thought), tapping his forehead in a significant way.—577, 78.

And so "tot" became English. At page 107 see more about it. The extracts show how interesting and useful the book is.

Eifel, coloured physical map on linen. *Berlin* ( ).

This has nothing to do with the Eiffel Tower. The Eifel is a volcanic district of Germany, between the Rhine and the Moselle—not a French Babel.

English Illustrated Magazine. *Macmillan*, 1892.

Some time since I saw in the *Spectator* a letter which quoted an inscription on a sun-dial which was not to be found in the printed collections. Here I find, not merely the inscription, but an image of the sun-dial itself. There is an angelic figure with outspread wings, holding a scroll inscribed *Pereunt et imputantur*—"They pass and are counted."

Let me add two "inedit"-ed words on the lapse of time. A cheap watch I once bought at Verona had on the back a tablet, *tabula rasa*, inviting inscription. I put on it *Monstror digito*. Two hands would cover a face To the watch was added a 4.50 guard, *du vrai nickel*, bought in the Italian Alps. Not every one in London can have a mountain chain before him when he will.

(.)

An **Englishman in Paris** (notes and recollections); 1. Reign of Louis-Philippe; II. the Empire; 2 vols. *Chapman and Hall*, 1892.

The author's familiarity with things French is demonstrated before you read a line of the book. An ordinary Englishman would write Louis Philippe, without the hyphen. The author proves himself to be an Englishman by the way in which Thérésa's name is accented. Any one who is inclined to doubt what is here said about the Empire, should read a few passages of M. Claude's *Mémoires, q.v.*

In answer to the *Englishman in Paris*, a courtier wrote in a leading review that Napoleon III. "was the best friend this country ever had." On this theme the historian of *The cloister life of Charles V.* once spoke—

We owe the Emperor the Russian war, with its losses in blood and £80,000,000 added to the national debt. . . . In the year of the *coup d'état* our naval and military estimates were £13,000,000. Since Louis Napoleon became our firm and faithful ally, they have seldom been much under £26,000,000. There has been the cost of the fortifications, and the cost, impossible to calculate, of the Volunteers.

SIR W. MAXWELL STIRLING OF KEIR.

Essays from the "Times." *John Murray*, 1851.

Collections of reprinted essays were not so common then as they are now. These were much talked about, especially that on Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. This is the end—

An English lady in Calais was in the habit of ordering meat daily for a favourite dog. She was met on one occasion at the butcher's shop by the English interpreter. "Ah, Madame, Madame," said M. de Rheims, "I know you to be good to the English. There is a lady here that would be glad of the worst piece of meat you provide for your dog." M. de Rheims received permission to supply the poor woman with whatever she needed, but he dared not reveal the sufferer's name, for he had promised secrecy, and she was too proud to see visitors. Through the charitable kindness of the English lady (let her name be recorded for the credit of her countrywomen; she resided in Brighton and her name was Hunter), wine and food were supplied to the pauper until she became too ill either to eat or drink. M. de Rheims entreated the poor wretch again and again to see the lady who had been so good to her. Finally she said she would, if the lady *were not a woman of title*. Mrs. Hunter came—the poor patient thanked and blessed her—and so Lady Hamilton died, "beautiful," says her humane visitor, "even in death."—32.

( )

European guides. *Orell, Füssli and Co.* ( ).

An Englishman sees *Von Brienz nach Interlaken* on his steamboat ticket, and *Von Interlaken nach Bern* on his railway ticket. He very likely sees *Interlaken* printed on the *Bahnhof* itself, and his baggage coming and going will have *Interlaken* pasted upon it; and his hotel bill may bear upon it the words *Hotel des Alpes, Interlaken.* But he will go home and calmly print an account of his travels in which the place is called "Interlachen"—it sounds (or looks) "so much more German." This *was* done in the year of universal education.

The Briton is not merely a mis-speller of foreign names, but he is the cause of mis-spelling in others who know better. Within a fortnight I have observed two books of foreign extraction whose names appear to have been deliberately mis-spelled in order to conciliate Great British prejudice. One is a guide to the St. Gotthard tunnel, printed in Zürich, but intended for sale in England. The name of the railway is given as St. Gothard. Being an international affair, two languages prevail on the line, German and Italian. In the one its name is *Gotthard-Bahn*, in the other, *Ferrovia di San Gottardo.*

The guide to Florence in this series is the other example of deferential mis-spelling. In it the famous gallery near the Ponte Vecchio is called *Uffizi*, and sometimes *Uffici.* The real name is *Uffizij* = "offices," for the building is government property like Somerset House. In this case anglicising the names of places is the more absurd, that the plates which illustrate the guide are inscribed *Firenze* instead of "Florence."

Emile FAGUET.

Dix-huitième siècle, études littéraires. *Lecène et Oudin,* 1890.

M. Faguet is sometimes what English university slang calls "cryptic;" there is too much of the nudge and nod and catchword, which are all very well in a circle of the initiated, but not so well in general literary society . . . he has that perhaps rarest quality of the critic which permits him to condemn and dislike peccant parts without transferring his dislike and condemnation to parts not peccant.—Athenæum.

COMTE DE FICQUELMONT.

Lord Palmerston, l'Angleterre et le Continent.
Bruxelles, 1852.

"Wenn der Teufel hat ein Sohn,
So ist er sicher Palmerston."

The Count's book is a diplomatic reflection of this sentiment. Only, in reading, you find much abstract disquisition, and very little concrete Palmerston.

The original is in German, but this cost less and is easier read.

MICHAEL FIELD.

Callirrhoë, Fair Rosamund, &c. *Bell* ( ).

A present from the real publisher, himself a writer of prose, verse, and novels.

☞ *The author is said to be a lady. I take the name as I find it.*

H. T. FINCK.

Pacific Coast scenic tour. *Sampson Low,* 1891.

Switzerland and its beauties are here invited to "take a back seat." The plates of views are singularly delicate and beautiful.

H. T. FINCK.

Romantic love and personal beauty, 2 vols.
Macmillan, 1887.

We should cultivate beauty from within—

If the muscles of anger, envy, jealousy, spite, cruelty, &c., are too frequently called into exercise, the result is a face on which the word *vicious* is written as legibly and in as many corners as the numerals X and 10 are printed on a United States banknote.

One of the reasons why Fashion encourages the *blasé, nil admirari* attitude, and the stolid suppression of emotional expression, is to hide these signs of moral and hygienic sins. . . .

It is with the lips as with Love, of which they are the perch. Neither Zola nor Dante are (*sic*) the true painters of the romantic passion, but Shakspere, who pays respect to flesh and blood as well as to emotion and intellect.—II. 248, 252.

The reader will be amused if he turns to the entry under "Alden." Here is something about the hands—

Another stupidity of fashion is our enforced and cultivated right-handedness.—II., 231.

H. T. FINCK.

Romantic love (*continued*).

May not our pair of hands be one of Nature's many symbols, typifying the relation of man and woman as helpmeets? Any one who does mechanical work which chiefly occupies the right hand, will notice how the left hand without conscious volition makes ready and fudges forward the material so as to be most easily laid hold of. When a man cuts your silhouette, the scissors go up and down; but his left hand moves the paper to the outline of the face.

MAURICE DE FLEURY.

Amours de savants. *Charpentier*, 1891.

We read how divers men, after a lifetime of devotion to science, show that they are human in very comical ways.

RICHARD FORD.

Gatherings from Spain, 2 parts *Home and Colonial Library*, 1846.

Much new matter has been added to supply the place of portions omitted. . . . (In Spain) the relentless march of human intellect is crushing many a native wild flower, which, having no value save colour and sweetness, must be rooted up before cotton mills are constructed and bread stuffs substituted; many a trait of nationality in manners and costume is already effaced; monks are gone, and mantillas are going, alas! going. – vi.

So "that racy cockney"—as the *Athenæum* once called the author—describes this series of excerpts from his famous handbook.

HECTOR FRANCE.

Amour au pays bleu. *Londres*, 1885.

An exercising ground for the French army, or a winter resort for English consumptives, is the usual conception of Algeria. There are, however, natives, called Arabs, who have their hopes and fears, their loves and their hates, even as white men. This is a most curious story of their ways.

HECTOR FRANCE.

L'Armée de John Bull. *Charpentier*, 1887.

The gentleman to whom we owe this book was for six years a spahi in the French service in Algeria. The interest of his remarks on our officers and men may be inferred.

JULIUS FRAUENSTAEDT.

Schopenhauer-Lexikon, ein philosophisches Wörterbuch. *F. A. Brockhaus,* 1871.

☞ *Although Mr. Frauenstaedt is the compiler of this book, it might be said that in a catalogue it should be entered under "Schopenhauer." I have placed it here to avoid the tautology of saying "Arthur Schopenhauer, Schopenhauer-Lexicon."*

FREUND.

Dictionnaire Latin-français. *Firmin-Didot,* 1857.

A large and thick octavo, which cost me half-a-crown. The affinity between French and Latin is in favour of a Latin dictionary in French. Such a word as the French *instar* is a striking example of relationship; *susurrement* is another.

FUN'S

Academy skits. *Fun Office,* 1881-2.

Good humour is *Fun's* characteristic. *Fun* does not give portraits of Conservative statesmen holding their hands behind them to receive a bribe from an ugly Russian. This has been done as against Liberals.

GARNERAY.

Voyages, aventures, combats, illust. *Paris* ( ).

Most people have legends of their childhood. Among mine was one of an uncle, captain of an East Indiaman, who was killed in the Bay of Bengal while defending his vessel against pirates. Years later I bought in a second-hand shop certain "Voyages et combats." They proved to be written by one of the pirates who assisted in taking the English ship, and contained a circumstantial account of the battle between the French and English vessels. Then only I knew that there existed a French account of the transaction.

The French piratical vessel was commanded by Surcouf, *q.v.*

Garneray served in the French navy during the Napoleonic wars. It is a change to read of naval encounters in which the English did not always "beat the French." Garneray became a marine painter and has illustrated his experiences by drawings of nautical value.

RICHARD GARNETT.

Life of Thomas Carlyle. *Walter Scott*, 1887.

A genial life of an ungenial man.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Nouvelles. *Paris*, 1889.

Here we have *La morte amoureuse, Une nuit de Cléopâtre*, &c.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

Romans et contes. *Paris*, 1886.

FRIEDRICH VON GENTZ.

Tagebücher, 2 vols. *Varnhagens Nachlass*, 1873.

Shows what very fine company an untitled man, not *adelig*, may frequent on easy terms. But not everybody is in a position to serve great people as Gentz did :—

Juillet 21.—J ai lu le soir les feuilles infernales de Cobbett. . . .

Novembre 11.—Sorti à 10½. Visité chez le roi de Danemarck, causé une heure avec lui. Puis une heure avec Metternich. . . . Rentré. . . . Écrit une lettre au prince Schwarzenberg relativement à la conference qui doit avoir lieu ce soir.

. . . Allé à 6½ chez Metternich. . . . Grande conversation, toujours plus sur la maudite femme que sur les affaires. Rentré à 8. Conversation avec Langenau, à 10½ chez Nesselrode, causé avec lui jusqu'à 1 heure.

This was at the Congress of Vienna where Gentz was secretary. His holy horror of Cobbett is amusing to the English mind. The *maudite femme* was the Duchesse de Sagan, as I find in Raikes' *Diary*, *q.v.* This is an example of the way in which books in a small library may act and re-act upon one another.

(. .)

German popular stories, illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. *Chatto and Windus* ( ).

The fine satire which, gleaming through every playful word, renders some of these stories as attractive to the old as to the young. . . . The illustrations to this volume are of quite sterling and admirable art, in a class precisely parallel in elevation to the character of the tales which they illustrate; and the original etchings, as I have said in my *Elements of drawing*, were unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt.—JOHN RUSKIN.

G. R. GLEIG.

Waterloo. *Murray's Home and Colonial Library*, 1847.

Gleig's "Story of the battle" is probably the best British account in the beaten way of literature. He was in the army under Wellington in the Peninsula, of which episode a novel called the *Subaltern* is an account. As Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital he had unique opportunities of collecting information.

Globe English dictionary. *Glasgow* ( ).

A friend once sent Mortimer Collins a postcard referring to "hy-per-bole" as seen in Anglo-American dictionaries. Out came this skit—

An elegantly speaking soul
Is Nuttall of the hyperbole.
His words are wise, his judgments fair,
He lives at Weston-super-Mare;
He never eats a lozenge, though
He often has a shocking cough;
And thinks quinine a useless plague,
Even when suffering from ague;
I like this Nuttall and his clique,
And vote for him *hic et ubique*.

GOETHE.

Conversations, recueillies **par Eckermann,** traduites par E. DÉLEROT, 2 vols. *Charpentier* ( ).

Ces Entretiens, tels que M. Délerot nous les rend aujourd'hui, sont aussi complets, et même plus complets, s'il se peut, que ce qui à été donné en Allemagne; ils sont surtout plus faciles et plus agréables à lire.—SAINTE BEUVE.

Assuredly they are. German, even for one who can speak and write it with tolerable facility, is a painful language to read. Here Eckermann's two publications are made one in chronological order. There are biographical notes and a good index.

A French writer describes Goethe's Boswell—

Eckermann n'était qu'une domestique. AUREVILLY.

But if the servant serves up faithfully the words of his master, what more do we want?

☞ *Eckermann would be called the author of the book, but as the words are Goethe's, the title is best placed under his name. Whenever there is doubt the greater name prevails.*

GOETHE.

Leiden des jungen **Werthers,** herausgegeben von L. GEIGER, mit Zeichnungen. *Grote,* 1883.

A sweet, sympathetic edition. One of the *Zeichnungen,* Werther meditating under a starlit sky, is especially pretty.

☞ *Here, and elsewhere, the endeavour has been to contrive that the shortened name, which is indicated by darker letters, shall read properly. "Werthers Leiden" is, of course, the usual concise title, but "Leiden Werthers" is not incorrect German.*

GOETHE.

Sorrows of Werter. *Cassell,* 1890.

This is said to be an indifferent translation. Bohn's is not very good. On the first page of it *eigensinnig* is rendered as "peculiar." Cassell's has avoided this by not translating the adjective at all.

Since writing this I have come upon Professor Boyesen's opinion of English translations of *Werthers Leiden*—

The British barbarian who undertook to put this delicate piece of imaginative writing into English for the Bohn Library committed an offence compared with which that of Carlyle was venial. For Carlyle (in translating the *Wilhelm Meister*) produced a coherent and interesting book with a definite style, although it was not that of Goethe; while the mutilator of "Werther" simply bungled along with a heavy hand, unconscious of the beauties which he killed at every stroke of his sacrilegious pen. He produced a book in which scarcely a trace of the charm of the original is discoverable; and English readers who know the fame of Goethe have been forced to the conclusion that he has been greatly overestimated, and that German literature must be poor and barren since a work of such trifling merit can have acquired so great a reputation.—110.

GOETHE.

Werke, 20 vols., Schillerformat, bound in 10. *Grote,* 1873.

Some one will say—"You possess the whole of Goethe's works, which take up more room than any English or French author." Goethe's works were given to me. The illustrations are very nice and sympathetic, especially those to the *Italienische Reise.* One of the engravings to the *Briefe aus der Schweiz* shows an Alpine pass, when mules carried burdens over into Italy. Before I saw one, I used to wonder what an Alpine pass was like, and when I saw what seemed to be a huge road with gigantic cart ruts in it, winding round a mountain, I had to ask—Was that a glacier?

GOETHE.

Werther, traduction nouvelle avec notice biographique et littéraire par Louis Enault. *Hachette,* 1872.

L'effet que produisit Werther tint beaucoup aux abominables, malsaines et interminables declamations de l'Héloïse de Rousseau, qui avait fourbu tous les esprits.—Barbey d'Aurevilly.

Enault's preface is an essay on the Sorrows of Werter, founded on Kestner's *Goethe und Werther* (Briefe Goethes, meistens aus seiner Jugendzeit, mit erläuternden Documenten). Thus have we *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit* confronted.

☞ *Under "Hellen" and "Lewes" will be found the names of books on Goethe. I am aware that the contrary is done with Shakespeare. It is a question, which is the best plan.*

Golden treasury of the best songs and lyrics in the English language, selected and arranged with notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. *Macmillan,* 1880.

The apparatus or parade of index is irritating. I want, *e.g.*, to find Burns' lines, "To Mary in heaven." I look for that, and don't find it. Then I suppose that the arrangement is by first lines, and look for, "Thou lingering star, whose lessening ray!" That is not in the index. But you may not be quite sure what is the first line of the poem. There remains the prospect of wading through Burns, Robert (1759–1796), cxxv., cxxxii., cxxxix., cxliv., cxlviii., cxlix., cl., cli., cliii., clv., clvi. Roman numerals are grand in an inscription, but they give trouble to a man who wants merely guidance.

☞ *This is everywhere known as "Palgrave's Golden Treasury"—indeed, I had placed it in letter "P"—but as Mr. Palgrave is not the writer of the pieces, the book is best in "G."*

GOTTHARDBAHN.

Karte—Vogelschaukarte.

Gestochen in Winterthur, 1880.

A beautiful coloured map of the district, and a bird's-eye-view map, tinted. From these the *English* traveller learns the proper spelling of places' names.

GRAY.

Selected poems, by E. Gosse. *Clarendon Press,* 1885.

Preserves in amber, as it were (the cover is *quasi*-vellum), the *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College* and the *Elegy in a country churchyard.*

GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

Cour de George IV. et de Guillaume IV. . . .
extraits par Mdlle. Marie-Anne de Bovet.
Firmin-Didot, 1888.

If any middle-class person would like to know what a racing aristocrat is like—here is one. As a condensation of Greville's bulky book this edition is welcome to a small proprietor. The notes, intended for a French public, are useful to those who are not familiar with Hannah More's "Great."

W. M. GRISWOLD.

Descriptive list of **international novels.**

This is but a taste. A dictionary which would tell instantly what any novel was about, would often save the trouble of attempting to read it—the novel-reader's punishment. There exist several *scintillæ*, but we shall never have the book. The man who made it would have to devote his life to the cause of suffering humanity. And in a week his work would be made incomplete by new novels, for the rate of production in England is three or more a day. Inter-nation-al means which appear to be written in English.

☞ *This is an American publication. The date and town of issue should have been given here, but I cannot find the book.*

Archibald Clavering GUNTER.

Mr. Barnes of New York. *Routledge,* 1891.

Not many books have left on my mind such an impression of pleasantness as this. One is drawn towards the author.

M. GUYAU.

L'art au point de vue **sociologique.** *Alcan,* 1889.

Full of literary interest. In one page we find notices of Balzac, Dumas, and Hugo. In another *Werther*, *Adolphe*, and Merimée's *Carmen* are cited; in one more the novels of Georges Sand, Stendhal and Zola are criticised.

GYP.

Monsieur le Duc. *Levy*, 1893.

It is a testimony to Gyp's power that well-known personages in France are now known by the names that Gyp has given to them in her stories.—ATHENÆUM.

Monsieur le Duc is the best that I have seen of the long series of bright books which we owe to Gyp. It is a story told in a series of dramatic scenes. The characters are so many as to form a species of *Vanity Fair* exclusively in *le high-life*. The reader has the privilege of assisting at the intimate conversation of aristocratic persons, and (oh, bliss!) of learning how they speak slang. The story is interesting as a story, and the diction immensely fine.

GYP.

Ohe! les psychologues! *Levy* ( ).

Such airy, exquisite trifles grow not in our beer-laden atmosphere. Any one who is bitten with "psychology" should read this one aloud to a friend. The hearer, at least, would be amused.

☞ *Gyp has written so many books that it is for the convenience of her admirers to place them in a catalogue under "G." They cannot go under the lady's name, as she prefers a pseudonym.*

( )

-Handbook for Italy. *Murray* ( ).

To use the famous Handbooks is a liberal education. You find that when you try others. I was once riding between Padua and Bologna, as usual without a handbook, the theory being to cram as much as you like beforehand, but once started, to take impressions direct from men and things. All at once, at a small station, a voice called out "Ar-r-qua!" I confess that I jumped from my seat, not being aware that the railway took any notice of Arqua, and remembering the line—

"They laid his bones in Arqua where he died."

An American gentleman was sitting opposite with a little red guide in his hand. I asked him to tell me what was said about the literary associations of the place. On them the conscientious Baedeker was dumb. Would Murray have passed them by?

( )

Handbook for Switzerland, 2 vols. *Murray*, 1879.

Some years ago I was meditating how to cross a certain part of the Alps without climbing. I ventured to address the editor of Murray's "Handbooks," sending by way of introduction a *Continental Tour*. In return came a kind letter, indicating three ways of doing what I wanted, accompanied by the present of the new edition of Murray's *Switzerland*. Thus I have the autograph of the creator of the famous Handbooks.

In the history of the house of Murray we learn what travelling was when the materials for the first Handbook were collected:—

I began my travels not only before a single railway had been begun, but while North Germany was yet ignorant of Macadam. The high road from Hamburg to Berlin, except the first sixteen miles, which had been engineered and macadamized by an uncle of mine by way of example to the departments of Ponts et Chaussées, was a mere wheel-track in the deep sand of Brandenburg. The postillion who drove the mis-called Schnellpost had to choose for himself a devious course amid the multitude of ruts and big boulders of which the sand was full, and he consumed two days and a night on the dreary journey. In those days the carriage of that country (the Stuhlwagen) was literally a pliable basket on wheels, seated across, which bent in conformity with the ruts and stones it had to pass over.

( )

Handbook for travellers in **France.** *Murray*, 1867.

With a new "Bradshaw" for complement, the old "Murray" may still be used. Its chief value to me is for reference at home about places in France which a cyclopædia would not give.

JULES HANSEN.

Coulisses de la diplomatie, quinze ans à l'étranger. *Paris*, 1880.

I bought this because I had heard, or thought I had heard, that it contained piquant revelations. I have made several attempts to find them; and now I forget what I wanted to find. The author is a Danish diplomatist who went up and down Europe (much as Thiers did for France) in order to interest statesmen in Danish politics. He is especially sour against England for minding her own business.

THOMAS HARDY.

Desperate remedies. *Heinemann*, 1892.

The following story, the first published by the author, was written nineteen years ago, at a time when he was feeling his way to a method.—JANUARY, 1889.

This is a story of enchaining interest. I may say that, in taking a course of Mr. Hardy's novels, I have endeavoured to cheat them out of a second reading by going through skippingly at first, for the mere story's sake, reserving enjoyment of the writing for another time.

THOMAS HARDY.

Far from the madding crowd. *Sampson Low*, 1892.

They say that doctors are now so clever that they can light up the inside of you and see what is going on. In Mr. Hardy's novels the moral interior of a rustic is illuminated in a most miraculous fashion. When a writer, besides this, presents us with landscape under varied aspects of time and season, and with mental and physical delineation of a very subtle kind as accessories to absorbing stories which are so told that the writing is exercise for the reader's mind and does it good, *omne tulit punctum*—no more can be said.

THOMAS HARDY.

Mayor of Casterbridge. *Sampson Low* ( ).

The following indicates one phase of interest in Mr. Hardy's books:—

She had learned the lesson of renunciation, and was as familiar with the wreck of each day's wishes as with the diurnal setting of the sun. If her earthly career had taught her few book philosophies, it had at least well practised her in this. Yet her experience had consisted less in a series of pure disappointments than in a series of substitutions. Continually it had happened that what she had desired had not been granted her, and that what had been granted her she had not desired. So she viewed with an approach to equanimity the now cancelled days when Donald had been her undeclared lover, and wondered what unwished-for thing Heaven might send her in place of him.—241.

There is such a thing as being so acquainted with grief, that a fresh blow comes like an old friend.

THOMAS HARDY.

Return of the native. *Sampson Low*, 1890.

Here is part of a piece of delicate portraiture:—

She had Pagan eyes, full of nocturnal mysteries. . . .

The mouth seemed formed less to speak than to quiver, less to quiver than to kiss. Some might have added, less to kiss than to curl. Viewed sideways, the closing line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the cima-recta, or ogee. The sight of such a flexible bend as that on grim Egdon was quite an apparition. It was felt at once that that mouth did not come over from Sleswig with a band of Saxon pirates whose lips met like the two halves of a muffin. One had fancied that such lip-curves were mostly lurking underground in the South as fragments of forgotten marbles. So fine were the lines of her lips that, though full, each corner of her mouth was as clearly cut as the point of a spear.

Her presence brought memories of such things as Bourbon roses, rubies, and tropical midnights; her moods recalled lotus-eaters, and the march in *Athalie;* her motions the ebb and flow of the sea; her voice, the viola. In a dim light, and with a slight rearrangement of her hair, her general figure might have stood for that of either of the higher female deities. The new moon behind her head, an old helmet upon it, a diadem of accidental dewdrops round her brow, would have been adjuncts sufficient to strike the note of Artemis, Athena, or Hera respectively, with as close an approximation to the antique as that which passes muster on many respected canvases.

When I close one of Mr. Hardy's novels it is with a kind of pang, as if one were parting with human beings whose life had been bound up with one's own—to see them no more.

THOMAS HARDY.

-Tess of the d'Urberville's. 1892.

The secondary title, which jars on the general, is doubtless taken from Hood's *Bridge of sighs.* I have only read part of the book. I did not buy it, do not possess it, and did not borrow it. A friend so polite as to think I could cut the leaves more neatly than he, offered me the volume to look at. I could not help transcribing a passage which transports us at once to fields of French literature and to Roman *campagne.* One may wonder what the British Philistine, of stone and wood compact, makes of a "marble term." Hard terms in a money transaction, probably, are they for him—

She thereupon turned and lifted her face to his, and remained like a marble term while he imprinted a kiss upon her cheek.

Il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'autre qui tend la joue !

P.S.—I have read *Tess.* The dairy-farm picture is wonderful.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The **Marble faun,** with photogravures, 2 vols.
Kegan Paul, 1889.

Probably the best embodiment of the feelings of a cultivated person who lives in presence of the antiquities in modern Rome. The principal personage, Donatello, is a nobleman of ancient descent who looks and moves as if he were an ancient statue made to live in modern garb. The two women and one other man of the story are pure New England, and exhibit the life of American artists in Rome.

ABRAHAM HAYWARD.

Selected essays, 2 vols. *Longmans,* 1878.

A selection, carefully revised, of my *Biographical and critical essays,* series I., II., III.—8, ST. JAMES' STREET.

The essays, in their original form, are scarce, and cost a great deal of money. The connoisseur objects, of course, to selections. Other people have to be glad of what they can get.

ABRAHAM HAYWARD.

Goethe. *Blackwood,* 1878.

WILLIAM HAZLITT,

Essayist and critic, by WILLIAM IRELAND.
Warne, 1889.

A collection of his best essays and descriptive papers. The account of a prize-fight is here, but I do not find the essay on the idea of a nobleman's appearance and the actual aspect of one.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Buch der Lieder. *Wien* ( ).

So lettered on the back. The volume contains also Heine's *Reisebilder, Italien, Englische Fragmente, Neue Gedichte, Zeitgedichte,* &c. The illustrations reflect the gentle pleasure-loving manners of the city where it is printed.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Werke, kritische Gesammtausgabe von GUSTAV KARPELES, Band I., Buch der Lieder. *Grote*, 1887.

A beautifully printed edition, among the many published after the lapse of copyright. I bought this volume for the sake of the binding. It is issued with calf back, marbled paper sides ; cleanly lettered, with a proportion in the letters' size which is very un-English. "Grote" has nothing to do with Grote's *Greece ;* it is the name of the publisher in Berlin.

EDUARD VON DER HELLEN.

Goethe's Antheil an Lavater's Physiognomischen Fragmenten.

Mit Abbildungen, darunter drei bisher nicht beachtete Goethe-Bildnisse —TITLE.

One of them, a silhouette of Goethe by Lavater himself, is wonderful in its intellectual energy. And Klopstock is silhouetted by Goethe. A pretty little vignette depicts Cupid with his feathered arrow turned into a plume behind his ear.

(ARTHUR HELPS.)

Companions of my solitude, by the author of "Friends in Council." *Smith and Elder*, 1874.

Acquired for the sake of a beautiful and romantic story.

☞ *This is a case in which you hardly know what to do about the place of the title in the alphabet. One book has the author's name, one has not.*

ARTHUR HELPS.

Friends in Council, first series. *Cassell*, 1891.

These essays used to be quite "fashionable" reading.

W. E. HENLEY.

Views and reviews, essays in appreciation. *David Nutt*, 1890.

These literary papers are a treasury of piquant epithet, *e.g.*:—

. . . "nor a Germanized Jeremy like Carlyle"—"he was not marmoreally emphatic as Landor"—"He neither dallied with antithesis like Macaulay nor rioted in verbal vulgarisms with Dickens"—"Who grub as for truffles, for meanings in Browning."

JOHANN GOTTFRIED v. HERDER.

Stimmen der Völker in Liedern. *Cotta*, 1861.

Völkerstimmen (the colloquial name for the book) are ballads of various nations, English, &c., rendered into German.

W. L. HERTSLET.

Schopenhauer-Register. . . . aller Stellen, Gegenstände, Personen, &c. *F. A. Brockhaus*, 1890.

Refers to passages in authors which interested Schopenhauer. I bought the *Schopenhauer-Lexikon* by Frauenstädt, *q.v.*, which is a much larger volume, thinking to find the passages in full. Instead of that, the book is composed of Schopenhauer's words merely.

DR. BIRKBECK HILL.

Writers and readers. *Unwin*, 1892.

The foolish worshippers of Browning in their wild extravagance place him above Milton ; but I will not do them the injustice to believe that they have read *Paradise Lost*.

This is a useful extract. The volume consists of lectures at New College, Oxford. Though they have the air of mere *causeries*, an index of nearly 200 topics or authors makes them a slight handbook of literature.

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD.

Six months in Italy, 2 vols. *Murray*, 1853.

I have an idea that this is the best book on Italy. You cannot read a Handbook, but this you can read, travelling in the best manner that is possible away from Italy. A shilling, I think, bought the two volumes, a 16*s.* book.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

Some emotions and a moral. *Unwin*, 1891.

The third lady . . . had a nose which somehow suggested low comedy, and a plaintive-looking mouth . . . her eyes were large, clear, and emotionless—singularly like glass marbles.—13.

Here is something in another vein—

(AN INTERLOCUTOR)—I think that there is much to take hold of in the Greek notion—that man is happiest to whom from day to day no evil happens.—7.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

The Sinner's comedy. *Unwin*, 1892.

Would the reader know a *fin de siècle* novel? *Ecco!*—

(Lord Middlehurst) just before he died kissed his wife's hand with singular tenderness and called her "Elizabeth." She had been christened Augusta Frederica; but then, as the doctors explained, dying men often make these mistakes.—2.

Matrimony is not blessed by the author—

I suppose he's married. He's got a patient, bearing-up look.—88.

Here is a characteristic bit. Whereupon *exeunt omnes!*—

Bishop Gaunt confided his brief love story to a friend.

"But why," said the friend, "since the husband had forfeited every right to be considered, why didn't you punch his head and bear the woman off in triumph?"

"To tell the truth," said Sacheverell, "I was tempted to some such decisive measure."

"If you had succumbed," said the friend, drily, "she would have recovered."

"Don't say so," said Sacheverell, "*I think I know it.*"

The friend, who was a psychologist, went home with more material for his great work on *Impulse and Reason.*—146.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

A **Study in temptations.** *Unwin*, 1893.

Immensely smart, of course. The smartness of the preceding books has a tendency, no doubt, to make the reader expect a great deal.

ARSENE HOUSSAYE.

Tragique aventure de bal masqué. *Dentu* ( ).

When I bought this, it had a portrait at the beginning—not of the heroine, but, as I believe—of the Princesse Elisabeth Helène de France. It was elegant enough to have framed. Why it should be stitched up here is a mystery.

J. D. HOWELLS.

Venetian life, 2 vols. *Longmans*, 1891.

To have read this book is the next best thing to having lived in Venice. The illustrations are coloured plates in imitation of water-colour drawings made for this edition.

Didst ever see a gondola? . . .
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

J. D. HOWELLS (*continued*).

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

BEPPO.

By way of describing the stillness of Venice, Byron said that Englishmen could not sleep there, because there was no noise of carriages. I found this stillness emphasised in 1866. The evening gun from the French man-of-war which was in charge, came with such a bang that one seemed to hear the crockery jingle in cupboards. It was not a still time, neither, for bombs were going off here and there, apparently by way of salute to the departing Austrians. Italian soldiers were to be seen sitting on doorsteps, waiting.

Plenty of nonsense has been written about the desecration of Venice by steamers. The truth is that they are scarcely seen, or heard, or smelt—as steamers. They look like a good-sized cutter overspread by an awning which hides all but a few inches of the funnel. You may be reclining in a gondola on the Grand Canal when one of these omnibuses goes by. All that you perceive, if you notice anything, is a rustle like that of a lady's dress, for they slip over the water instead of stirring it up. The gain is immense when you want to catch a train. And they take you quickly to the Lido and back for 4*d.*

VICTOR HUGO.

Histoire d'un crime. *Calmann Levy,* 1877.

Le temps et l'homme étant crépusculaires.—I., 106.

That is a beautiful touch. The criminal is Napoleon III. Compare the extracts under "Du Casse," p. 35.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Letters between 1827 and 1858, with extracts from **Varnhagen's diaries**, and letters to Humboldt. *Trübner,* 1860.

ELLA HUNTER.

Santo, Lucia and Co. in Austria. *Blackwoods,* 1883.

Lucia, I may explain, is a bright bay pony. . . . Last and least comes Co., an elderly unappropriated blessing.—VIII.

Can this be a quiet slap at some "mute inglorious"?

RALPH IRON.

Story of an African farm. *Chapman and Hall,* 1890.

Waldo muttered:—

"The thing I loved once was a woman proud and young; it had a mother once, who, dying, kissed her little baby, and prayed God she might see it again. If it had lived, the loved thing would itself have had a son, who, when he closed the weary eyes and smoothed the wrinkled forehead of his mother, would have prayed God to see that old face smile again in the Hereafter. To the son heaven will be no heaven if the sweet worn face is not in one of the choirs; he will look for it through the phalanx of God's glorified angels; and the youth will look for the maid, and the mother for the baby. 'And whose then shall she be in the resurrection of the dead?"—283.

—which reads like a conundrum on a solemn subject.

☞ *The lady who wrote this book is known, but we are not at liberty to print her name, as she does not.*

( )

Ixora, a mystery. *Kegan Paul,* 1888.

A Jewish tale in alternate prose and verse. It is connected with Bristol, where a manuscript which tells of buccaneers, ancient mariners, sunny islands, and ghostly visions at sea, mysteriously comes to the writer. He is acquainted with the West Indies and its legends, and with the language of the sea. Jewish though the book is made to be, towards the end we see a cryptogram in which a ship is accompanied by Christian emblems.

Her seams fresh caulked, her yards across,[1]
Ready again for sea. . . .
Five days we waited—on the sixth
Up[2] anchor and away. . . .
We crossed[3] the Line, and then days nine
We circled[4] in our flight. . . .
An island hove in sight. . . .
A league off shore in fathoms ten
We let the anchor go[5]—
Furled sails, squared yards, and made all trim
And taut aloft, alow.

[*For references see next page.*

Ixora (*continued*).

(1) Before sail is made on a vessel, some of the yards have to be sent up from deck and "crossed," *i.e.* slung crosswise whence to hang the sails. (2) The word of command is, "All hands up anchor!" (3) "Crossing the line" is strict nautical for crossing the Equator. It is a favourite joke at sea to say to a green hand, "We are *this* side of the Line now, Sir." (4) When there is no wind, as in the doldrums, a vessel may go round and round on her axis. (5) The command is, "Let go the anchor!"

VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON.

The **Lily of the Arno**; (or) Florence, past and present. *Gay and Bird* ( ).

This book is the best exponent of the pleasure of living in the beautiful city that I have met with. The mere headings of the twenty chapters suggest as much. Here are five:—

I. The street of the watermelon; II. A Florence window; III. The shrine of the five lamps; IV. Church towers; V. Country bells.

I once stayed in Florence before I had the sense or training to understand the privilege. The sky, the stars, the lilac flush of the hills, the towers, the bells, and even the flowers were too little heeded. But I did not miss Machiavelli's epitaph in Santa Croce—TANTO NOMINI NULLUM PAR ELOGIUM!

☞ *I have put parentheses about the word "or" in the entry of the name of the book, with a view of showing how well it can be spared.*

The name of the book is a good example of what is called the alternative title; the first title is so conceived that a second is required to explain it. Everybody, of course, is not bound to know that Arno is the name of the river which traverses Florence, or that the Lily is FIORENZA, *the city of flowers. The moral is that this or any book on a subject may be lost sight of in a catalogue arranged by subjects. Two entries of one book should be enough in any catalogue, thus—*

Johnson (Virginia W.), Lily of the Arno. . . .
Lily of the Arno, *Johnson* (Virginia W.). . . .

When a seeker for books on Florence goes to such a catalogue he may miss the book we are speaking of. I do not see that the cataloguer ought to write the name a third time as a premium on a fantastic title.

JOURNEY-MAN.

A **Continental tour** of eight days for forty-four shillings. *Sampson Low,* 1878.

The pleasure of travel is chiefly in the retrospect, I suppose. But if any one would taste of disillusion, let him, after an interval of a dozen years, try to live over again the experiences of a journey which has given pleasure. Landlords are dead, picturesque buildings razed, railway stations removed, diligences done away, old-world *albergos* turned into *caffès*, romantic signs supplanted by electric lamps, &c.

JOHN KEATS.

Poetical works, with a memoir by LORD HOUGHTON. *Edward Moxon,* 1866.

The Greek mind of Keats has here an accompaniment of designs from the sculpture of Hellas.

For years I sought to know why Isabella chose a pot of basil. Folkard's *Plant lore* gives the explanation. It seems that in Italy they believe the perfume of basil engenders sympathy, from which comes its familiar name *Bacia nicola*—"Kiss me, Nicolas!"

H. G. KEENE.

Verses, translated and original. *W. H. Allen,* 1888.

Love and travel are the theme. *Rouge gagne* and *Pervigilium Veneris* are indications of this; while the mind may be said to travel, for the collection includes a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon and translations from Hugo, Gautier, Heine, &c.

( )

Keepsake, edited by FREDERIC MANSEL REYNOLDS. *Longman, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman,* MDCCCXXXIX.

A faded beauty, in battered silk and gold. I confess to an indescribable tenderness for this volume. After an austere childhood spent in the presence of bookcases filled with Simpson's *Fluxions*, Prideaux' *Connection of the Old and New Testament*, &c. on the one hand, and Law's *Serious call*, Wilberforce's *Practical view*, &c., on the other,—I stayed for a few weeks in a house where there was free access to *Blackwood's* containing the *Diary of a late physician*, and to various annuals. The copy of the *Keepsake* is just like the one I then revelled in. If I could, I would always possess a book enjoyed long ago, in the exact edition and similar binding.

ARTHUR KEYSER.

Cut by the mess. *Chatto and Windus*, 1889.

Lathom and West sprang up the side . . . standing before the officer of the watch, they touched their caps and said, "Come on board, sir."—91, 92.

"On board" may be commended to writers who print "aboard" as if it were nautical. "Aboard" is slang or carelessness of speech. Officers, for example, say "on board." Describing the midshipmen's berth the author writes —

The roof of this narrow room was covered with racks in which were stowed hats, boots, gun-cases, walking-sticks and umbrellas.—24.

This is a contribution to naval history. In the old days, sailors knew not umbrellas. But this is the story of a smoke-jack's cruise.

A. W. KINGLAKE.

Eothen. *Blackwoods*, 1877.

. . . the book is quite superficial in its character. I have endeavoured to discard from it all valuable matter derived from the works of others, and it appears to me that my efforts in this direction have been attended with great success. I believe I may truly acknowledge, that from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research, from all display of "sound learning and religious knowledge," from all historical and scientific illustrations, from all useful statistics, from all political disquisitions, and from all good moral reflections, the volume is thoroughly free.—PREFACE.

Eothen was a present to the author of a *Continental tour of eight days,* whose name, even, Mr. Kinglake did not know. The book was accompanied by a very pretty letter.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Alton Locke. *Macmillan*, 1890.

One of the characters is a "second-hand" bookseller.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Two years ago. *Macmillan*, 1890.

This story of aristocratic and modern life attracts me more than novels of Alexandria or centuries ago. Moreover, *Two years ago* has a mystic heroine with a counterpoise in a doctor who is a materialist.

HENRY KINGSLEY.

The Hillyars and the Burtons. *B. Tauchnitz,* 1865.

In this story, an uneducated girl, who might, I fancy, after a year and a half at a boarding-school, have developed into a very noble lady, is arraigned before the reader.—PREFACE.

A novel of mystical beauty. The Hillyars are swells, and rich; the Burtons, blacksmiths, and poor. Young Erne Hillyar courts Emma Burton, who turns him away because she believes that her duty is to a lame brother. But she suffers. Towards the close of the story Emma relents. The end of all is, that she is drowned in coming by a steamer from the south to marry her lover—

"Yes, Emma was drowned, whelmed in the depths of the pitiless sea—her last work over, her final ministration pursued while the vessel ceased to leap and began to settle down."—333.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Badalia Herodsfoot. *Detroit Free Press* ( ).

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Barrack-room ballads and other verses.
Methuen, 1892.

MANDALAY.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay:
Can't you hear their paddles chunkin' from
Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay! . . .

A French writer said, not many years ago, that if anything should put an end to English rule in India, it would be one of the greatest disasters the world has seen. In the meanwhile Mr. Kipling's books show us the machine at work.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Departmental ditties. *Thacker, Calcutta,* 1891.

So long as 'neath the Kalka hills
The tonga horn shall ring,
So long as down the Solon dip
The hard-held ponies swing,
So long as Tara Devi sees
The lights of Simla town,
So long as pleasure calls us up
And duty drives us down,
If you love me as I love you,
What pair so happy as we two?

So long as aces take the king,
Or backers take the bet,
So long as debt leads men to wed,
Or marriage leads to debt,
So long as little luncheons, Love,
And scandal hold their vogue,
While there is sport in Annandale
Or whiskey in Jutogh,
If you love me as I love you,
What knife can cut our love in two?

So long as down the rocking floor
The raving of the polka spins,
So long as kitchen lancers spur
The maddened violins,
So long as through the whirling smoke
We hear the oft-told tale—
"Twelve hundred in the lotteries
And What'sername for sale?"
If you love me as I love you,
We'll play the game and win it too.

. . . By all that lights our daily life
Or works our lifelong woe,
From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs
And those grim glades below,
Where heedless of the flying hoof
And clamour overhead,
Sleep, with the grey langur for guard,
Our very scornful dead,
If you love me as I love you,
All earth is servant to us two. —Pages 75-77.

At the end is a glossary of native words used by the English in India, which, because of the many dialects, may help even those who are familiar with what is called Hindustani. It is worth while to add that, to get the right sounds, the vowels

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Departmental ditties (*continued*).

must be pronounced in the Continental way. Thus, "bandar" properly said, seems to English ears spelt "bundah." In *Departmental ditties* there is a poem to or about a bandar. Turning to the glossary, I find it means "monkey." Once, on a passage home from India, some English children were on deck. They saw a man up aloft in the rigging. They, not being able to speak English, called out "Bundah, bundah!" as it seemed to me. I knew perfectly well what they meant, but did not know that the word was "bandar." This comes of not learning a language by book.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Life's handicap, being stories of mine own people. *Macmillan,* 1891.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Many inventions. *Macmillan,* 1893.

The power of these is almost terrible. In one, a gentleman private, all but dead, is being borne down from the front in a doolie. At the door of a house in Peshawur he sees the woman who might have been the light of his life. He is on his feet in a moment and goes towards her. She folds him in her arms.

"'I'm dyin', Aigypt—dyin',' he sez. Ay, those were his words, for I remimber the name he called her."

He is taken with the death rattle. She shoots herself.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Phantom 'rickshaw and other eerie tales. *Allahabad* ( ),

Through all the Anglo-Indian cynicism, which is a matter of course, there comes to us the mystery of the East. Mysterious, too, are the mottos to the chapters, which come we know not whence.

Let me give an instance of Anglo-Indian cynicism. I was once sitting at dinner next a young man. I asked after his brother, whom I had met the year before. Meanwhile I had been to England. "He is rotting in —— burying-ground," was the answer.

I closed and drew for my Love's sake,
That now is false to me,
And I slew the Riever of Tarrant Moss,
And set Dumeny free.
And ever they give me praise and gold,
And ever I moan my loss;
For I struck the blow for my false Love's sake,
And not for the men of the Moss!—TARRANT MOSS.

RUDYARD KIPLING.
Plain tales from the Hills. *Macmillan*, 1890.

RUDYARD KIPLING.
Soldiers three. *Sampson Low*, 1893.

( )
Knapsack handbook. *London*, 1883.

I preserve this because of the elaborate preparation and expense which it suggests. List I. counsels the purchase of articles amounting to £7 5*s.* 6*d.* List II., of the knapsack and its contents, shows the way to spend £9 6*s.* more, nearly seventeen pounds in all. Among the articles recommended for the walking gentleman are plaisters for the feet, medicines for the stomach, and a pillow-case to be filled with hay. My experience is that feet which are tender are healed by walking, that walking is the medicine for body and mind, and that one's pack is a ready-made pillow. The Continental tour named at page 59 caused not a farthing of expense in the way of kit. The true traveller is always ready to start, and to go in his ordinary costume. And if he will use the conveyances and accommodation which are used by the inhabitants of the same station in life, it will no longer be a riddle how living and sleeping are contrived for four shillings a day. It can be done all over Europe at the same rate.

The expedition to Venice named at page 130 cost, out and home, £11. Visiting Italy was a mere afterthought. The intention had been to repose at an *albergo* among the mountains. It was full, so a few days were devoted to brushing up recollections of the *Prato della Valle* at Padua, Bologna's leaning towers, &c., till there was room. Deduct £8 for travelling twice 1000 miles at 1*d.* a mile, £3 represents fifteen days' expenditure of 4*s.* a day.—Q.E.D.

JOSEPH KNIGHT.
Life of Dante Gabriel **Rossetti.** *Walter Scott*, 1887.

Very pretty in its sympathetic criticism of the poems.

(Lac de Thun; Adieux!) Une passion, roman par Paria Korigan. *Paul Ollendorff*, 1886.

The words within parentheses are a fancy title which I have had lettered on the back of the book because of associations. This gives occasion for saying that if for any reason a book has a lettering which does not accord with the title one would write from the title-page, the two must, in cataloguing, be made to accord by beginning with the words on the back of the book, or else you may not be able to find it when you look for it—which, one may presume, is one end of the catalogue.

Two stories, out of eight which compose the volume, narrate ill-starred inclinations of young women for young men whom they have met in a train or on board a steamboat. They are very finely done, and leave on the reader the impression that the heroines are perfect ladies, although they go in pursuit of their heroes. They find complete disillusion in the end.

Une Passion is, moreover, a beautiful picture of a Jewish home of the richer sort, where charity, in the highest sense, prevails.

LANDSCAPE ANNUAL.

Switzerland and Italy, by Prout. *Jennings*, 1830.

This book, the publisher's name, and the binding of myrtle-green morocco, recall the old days of bookselling, when, they say, hundreds of such volumes would be sold by one city man at Christmas for 21*s*. and 31*s*. 6*d*. apiece.

The pictures present what now must be called an ideal Italy. Then the cities had their ancient walls with their towers; the streets of Bergamo, Verona, and Bologna were not made hideous by the din of *tramways di Verona*, &c; and you could walk in Milan without being deafened by the combined uproar of tramcars, crashing carts, hotel omnibuses, and other vehicles. Walls are now razed, ancient landmarks removed, and Italy generally is on the move—even to the United States.

The *Croker Papers* give an idea of travelling between this and Italy in 1834. Sir Robert Peel was summoned to form a ministry . . . it took a special messenger eight days to reach him in Rome. . . . He set out for England November 20 and arrived December 9 . . . "travelling over precipices

LANDSCAPE ANNUAL (*continued*).

and snow eight nights out of twelve." Mr. Croker writes to him:—

"What a journey! You are near a fortnight sooner than I expected—not only because I fancied you would have been at Naples, but from the wonderful rapidity of your journey."

And this was a traveller to whom money was no object. About 1860, a Queen's messenger told me that five days were required to get to Rome. With our guides, handbooks, railways and telegraphs, it is not easy to imagine what travelling used to be. In Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *Last touches*, 1892, *q.v.*, one of the personages says, "I shall be in Rome the day after to-morrow." So that the transit is reduced to two days and nights.

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE.

Lane's Arabian nights (designation on the cover). The thousand and one nights, a new translation from the Arabic . . . new edition, from a copy annotated by the translator, 3 vols. *Chatto*, 1889.

The learned notes are in such profusion as to overshadow somewhat a book of pleasure. The spelling of familiar names is no doubt correct, but it jars on the unlearned. When I was a boy, many an hour was whiled away by the original edition of "Lane," simply because I had to take what I could get. In remembrance of those days I would gladly possess the original edition, but it is among the precious books—*pretiosus*. Messrs. Chatto and Windus' reprint, at a third of the price, is an excellent makeshift and really a pleasanter book to handle. The odd mannerisms of Harvey's engravings which form part of the association, are before the eye exactly.

EDWARD WILLIAM LANE.

The **Thousand and one nights.**

Charles Knight, 1839.

Here is, after all, the original edition. It presented itself advantageously, and I was enabled to get it in the way of exchange without spending money.

P. LANFREY.

Histoire de Napoleon I. *Charpentier,* 1880.

Il importe de dire ici, pour éclairer le fantasmagorie des récits militaires, que le bulletin de Bonaparte sur cette affaire d'Aboukir, diffère en plusieurs points très-importants de celui de Berthier, son chef d'état-major.—I., 411.

Lanfrey dares to say that Napoleon cooked the accounts.

> And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
> The truth in masquerade.—DON JUAN.

ANDREW LANG.

Letters on literature. *Longmans,* 1892.

It is pleasant, in this critical age, to find a writer so eminently "modern" speak thus of Longfellow—

His qualities are so mixed with what the reader brings, with so many kindliest associations of memory, that one cannot easily criticise him in cold blood. . . . Of Longfellow's life there is nothing to know but good, and his poetry testifies to it—his poetry, the voice of the kindest and gentlest heart that poet ever bore.—42, 46.

It is seldom that a publisher offers criticism *viva-voce.* I have heard two such utterances, the interval between them being many years. In both cases the "Psalm of life" was the subject. The speakers had probably never exchanged a word in their lives.

ANDREW LANG.

Letters to dead authors. *Longmans,* 1892.

Here are the beginning and the end of a letter to the author of *Don Juan,* written in his own (or Pulci's) metre—

> My Lord,
> Do you remember how Leigh Hunt
> Enraged you once by writing *My dear Byron?*
> Books have their fates, as mortals have who punt,
> And yours have entered on an age of iron.
> * * * * *
> Farewell, thou Titan fairer than the Gods!
> Farewell, farewell, thou swift and lovely spirit,
> Thou splendid warrior with the world at odds,
> Unpraised, unpraisable, beyond thy merit;
> Chased, like Orestes, by the Furies' rods,
> Like him, at length, thy peace thou dost inherit!
> Beholding whom, men think how fairer far
> Than all the stedfast stars the wandering star!

P. LAROUSSE.

Dictionnaire complet de la langue **française**; . . . quatre dictionnaires en un seul. *Aug. Boyer*, 1879.

With small diagrams of objects. The back of the binding is *quasi*-morocco, continued over the sides by morocco-grained cloth of the same hue, so artfully welded where they meet that you might fancy you had a morocco-bound volume. This is French morocco *in excelsis*. (Whether Morocco will become more French is just now a question burning as the sands.) A valuable part of Larousse is the *Dictionnaire artistique et littéraire*, explaining allusions. We frequently read that a person was on the *chemin de Damas* (on the road to Damascus), *i.e.* on the way to be enlightened. St. Paul, on the road to Damascus, was much enlightened, hence the allusion.

LAVATER ET GALL.

Physiognomie et phrenologie. *Paris* ( ).

The commentary to one of the diagrams is simply prophetic.

The **Leader.** *Thornton Leigh Hunt*, 1850-54.

Among its outside contributors were Mazzini,* Miss Martineau, Landor, Charles Kingsley and Mr. Froude. . . . One of the contributors of verse was Gerald Massey. In "Open council" was published a series of remarkable papers on the *Droit au travail*, by W. E. Forster, then unknown to fame.—BOOKMAN, Dec., 1892.

A newspaper whose dramatic criticisms were written by George Henry Lewes, is something to possess. The literary articles are also believed to be his. Those were the days of Thackeray's novels in yellow covers, of the first appearance of Ruskin's books; Currer Bell and her sisters were astonishing literary London, and Edward Whitty, reeling almost with exuberance of fancy, was depicting and criticising the governing classes in the *Leader*. To turn over the leaves of this old newspaper is a debauch of intellect. Which recalls Lewes' argument against early rising—"It is all very well, now and then, but to do so habitually is to make a debauch of it."

Another of his sayings was, "The tears are very near the surface."

* Mazzini and Harriet Martineau both have their *requiem* in the *Times Obituary*, *q.v.*

"*Come, come, my lord, untie your folded thoughts*
And let them dangle like a bride's loose hair."
( ) DUCHESS OF MALFY.

Leaves from the diary of a dreamer, found among his papers. *William Pickering,* 1853.

A book with a publisher's name, which was never published. I infer this from the fact that the British Museum does not possess a copy, which must have been the case, had the ordinary processes been gone through. In this copy I find an MS. memorandum: "*Written by Henry Theodore Tuckerman, of New York, a friend of Washington Irving.*"

The book might be called the "Saunterings of a sentimentalist in Italy." On the way home, he writes—

As I leaned over the bridge at Geneva, and saw the indigo blue of the lake and the peculiar shooting play of the waves, the meaning of one line in *Childe Harold* was completely realised. I understood, as never before, the significance of the phrase which, setting absolute sense at defiance, gives the exact idea of the spectator:—

"*The blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.*"

I do not know anything about "absolute sense." The simple fact is that the Rhone issues deep blue, from a lake which is pale blue like the butterflies which flit about it—and not always that. At Geneva the Rhone is crossed by a wooden bridge whose piles divide the water at intervals. Cross the bridge, and walk a few steps down the road on the bank. You will see the blue water which has been separated by the wooden balks, coming together again. As it does this, the rapidity of the current forms a succession of arrow-heads which glisten in the sun. This torrent, rolling forty feet deep of transparent blue, is a sight to see.

Our sentimentalist has not noticed one peculiarity of Geneva. There the chimneys are made to symbolise the horrible Calvinistic ideas of a future state. The tubes which carry off the smoke stand in all sorts of contorted attitudes, almost literally writhing over a fire.

J. SHERIDAN LEFANU.

A Lost name, 3 vols. *Bentley,* 1868.

Here is a picture of the heroine and evil genius of the story:—

In fairy lore we read of wondrous transmutations and disguises. How evil spirits have come in the fairest and saddest forms; how fell and shrewd-eyed witches have waited in forest glades by night, in shapes of the loveliest nymphs. So, for a dream-like moment one might see under the wondrous beauty of the girl . . . a face that was apathetic and wicked.—I. 41.

HUGUES LE ROUX.

Les **Mondains.** *Calmann Levy,* 1883.

In one of these stories is a *chanson* of fifty-five lines, of which thirty-five are—

La digue digue digue — La brigue dondaine.
La digue digue dou! — Ah! mais non!

printed the requisite number of times. This is French poetry.

PHILIBERT JOSEPH LEROUX.

Dictionaire comique, satyrique, critique, burlesque, &c. *Lion,* MDCCXXXV.

A very jolly book, full of passages from Molière, Scaron (*sic*), Corneille, Racine, Regnier, Despreaux, Sarrazin, Lafontaine, Lesage, Rabelais, St. Evremond, Quevedo, &c.

R. C. LESLIE.

–Old sea wings. *Chapman and Hall,* 1890.

The illustrations depict wooden vessels, and preserve for us figure-heads. A most interesting book might be made of the fast disappearing figure-heads, if the artist would let them be beautiful, not antique, with so much of the accessories as is needed to show them off.

A ship at anchor, what object is more suggestive of rest? The water idly laps about her bends. The figure-head, which for months, through day and night, has been whirled over countless billows, now peacefully looks down on its own image in the mirror below. The flag of its country waves, maybe droops, over the after* rail. And yet what scenes of violence, mutiny, and murder may be going on within the impassive bulk!

What is more gently beautiful than the unfolding, one by one, of a vessel's sails as she falls away before the breeze, and steps out on her course? We, at a distance, do not hear the wonderful creaking of the gear, the shouting of the men, nor the almost terrible clank of the chain which fills the decks with uproar. Who that sees the white ghost which scarcely seems to glide across a disk of troubled grey, thinks of the great hull which is tearing through surges which break in thunder about her bows?

* I fancy that the word "taffrail" would be a puzzle for the etymologist. I find that, without thinking about it, I have given the derivation, t(he) af(ter) rail. If any one doubts, let him consider "bosun," the nautical for "boatswain."

( )

Letters from headquarters, or the realities of the War in the Crimea, by an officer on the staff, 2 vols. *Murray,* 1856.

Here in a few words is a picture of the horrors of war. At Balaklava,—

Captain Nolan galloped some way in front of his brigade . . . was the first man killed; some grape-shot hit him in the chest; his horse turned and carried him to the rear through our advancing squadrons. His screams were heard far above the din of battle, and he fell dead from his saddle near the spot where the order had been given for the charge.—I., 316.

☞ *By the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe, but as the author's name is not printed, it is more regular to place the title here.*

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

Life of Goethe, copyright edition, 2 vols. *F. A. Brockhaus,* 1882.

(This) travelled from one commercial patron of literature to another, until Mr. David Nutt took pity on it, and gave it to the reading world.—JOHN FRANCIS AND THE ATHENÆUM.

The original English edition was published in two volumes for thirty shillings. It is now out of print and scarce. I believe that the current edition is abridged. The copy here quoted cost me three shillings in Germany.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

Ranthorpe. *Bernard Tauchnitz,* 1847.

TO HER
who has lightened the burden of an anxious life
this work is inscribed by
HER HUSBAND

is the dedication.

In 1853 Marian Evans became the wife of George Henry Lewes. He had married at an early age a woman possessed of many charms of person. They went to live in a large house at Kensington, with five other young couples, keeping house on a co-operative plan. One result was the desertion of her home by Mrs. Lewes with one of the men. . . . She soon repented, and Lewes forgave her, receiving her back. A second time, however, she left him.—COOKE'S GEORGE ELIOT.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

Ranthorpe (*continued*).

Ranthorpe in the English edition is scarce. This was bought in Germany for about ninepence.

We know, most of us, that Tauchnitz editions of English authors are taboo here, because their sale would spoil the market for legitimate issue. But if the copyright edition is sold out, and there is no intention of reprinting, does the restriction hold good? *Ranthorpe* is a case in point. Nobody supposes that it will be published in England again. The author probably only sent it out as a kite to see which way the wind blew, or used the story to air ideas which he would not have put forth later in life. The book is all the more a curiosity for that reason, if it be one. The date, in conjunction with the dedication, is a landmark of biography.

Those who do not care for George Eliot's novels may be amused to hear that a newspaper, now no more, a few years ago made the statement that they owed their vogue to the fact that Lewes held the press of London in bondage. These are not the exact words, but what was said was to that effect.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

Rose, Blanche, and Violet, 3 vols. 1848.

They say that Carlyle called Lewes "the ape." He was not handsome. it is true, which gave occasion for a *bon mot* on his alliance with George Eliot—"One cannot be angry with them, they are both so ugly."

Literary world. *Office* (1882-1893).

The back volumes are a repertory of valuable critiques and extracts from lately published books. Liberality of view is a chief characteristic of the notices.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Ancient Spanish ballads, translated, with notes. *Blackwood and Murray,* 1842.

The name "W. Blackwood and Sons," in association with "John Murray," commemorates Lockhart's old association with "Ebony." The ballads are historical and romantic. A few which could not be definitely assigned to either class are styled Moorish. The partition between them is a *quasi*-title of exceeding richness. The decorator is Owen Jones.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (*continued*).

This luxurious book, produced at a period when luxurious books were not so common, deserves a word or two of description. The real title is preceded by an arabesque title-page in colour and gold. The title-page proper is printed in black and red with a worked border in colours about it. On the back of this is a design fanciful in colour and gold, in the middle of which seems to blaze the printer's name on the golden side of a knightly shield—prelude to a book of chivalry. The contents are set in colours and close with an emblem of chivalry. The letterpress itself is surrounded by borders ; at one time a simple black line, at another time a coloured single line. These are exceptions. Generally, these ballads have arabesque borders in colour, which differ with each ballad. Arabesque initial letters in colour are many ; and tail-pieces to correspond come in where the verse does not fill the page. Wood engravings are strewn about the "print," accompanying it—bounding, surrounding, or ending, as the case may be. In token that these are lays of love as well as of chivalry, after FINIS, two cupids extend the ensign of the printers, Vizetelly Brothers, Fleet Street. The publisher's catalogue is a delicate piece of work in tint and colour. Somebody's defacing fingers have cut out the name of one of the books.

Mine is a shabby copy, bought for old acquaintance' sake.

H. LOETSCHER.

Health resorts of Switzerland. *Zürich,* 1890.

A mere handbook to the various "*Kurorte.*" I preserve it because it has a hundred of the finest views, from photos.

The heights of mountains are given in figures with an "m" after them (Finsteraarhorn, 4275 m., &c.), which makes them seem a third of their height. All English readers glancing into a handbook will not instantly discern that "m" means metres. Here is need of a little "cure."

In this translation of a work written in German for Swiss use, care is taken not to wound British susceptibility by too great accuracy of spelling. Thus, the name Interlaken is altered to Interlachen in the letterpress. This is proved by the fact that an illustration of which the word "Interlaken" forms a part remains intact. When the word "Interlaken" is rightly spelled, it denotes the situation of the town, *inter lacus,* the Lake of Thun and the Lake of Brienz.

"Denn Alles was entsteht
Ist werth, dass es zu Grunde geht."

LOKI.

The **New Werther.** *Kegan Paul,* 1880.

Fin de siècle love-letters. The hero, or sufferer, "introdooced his dona to a pal." The end is—

Raphael, Ethel, I forgive you—you were but human. Ethel—beloved—I die!

LONGFELLOW.

Poetical works. *Routledge, Soho Square,* 1851.

Bound in russia by Riviere, the edges red under dull gold.

LONGFELLOW.

Poetical works. *Cassell* ( ).

Not merely beautiful large print, but beautifully illustrated. I was chiefly caught by a view of Cadenabbia, that earthly paradise opposite Bellaggio, where rich English lounge away the day in the off-season. Bathing-places are cunningly contrived under the road which skirts the lake, and from the drawing-room visitors step out under a splendid avenue of trees which are free to even the cheap traveller who goes by on foot.

CHARLES LOWE.

Prince Bismarck. *Heinemann,* 1892.

This book is interesting as a novel. I nearly got through it at a sitting. It showed me, as I had not seen them before, the causes which led up to the Danish struggle, to the Prusso-Austrian contest, and to the Franco-German war.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Essays on the **English poets.** *Camelot Series,* 1888.

Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Keats, Lessing, and Rousseau.

HENRY W. LUCY.

Diary of two Parliaments, 2 vols. *Cassell,* 1885-6.

A Conservative statesman is depicted—

Nature has gifted the Attorney-General with a voice the tone of which would, of itself, raise him above mediocrity. I think the most exact similitude might be conveyed to those who are familiar with the creaking of the cordage in a ship's rigging while the vessel lies at anchor in a pitchy sea. Over and above the possession of this unique voice, Holker has a deliberate way of saying nothing, which is exceedingly irritating on a sultry summer night when the nerves are unstrung.—DISRAELI PARLIAMENT.

LUTHER.

Table talk. *Cassell* ( ).

According to Luther, heaven has two surprises for those who attain it. One is, the persons whom they find there; the other, those whom they do not find.

ARTHUR LYNCH.

Modern authors, a review and a forecast. *Ward and Downey,* 1891.

Some of them get short shrift. They are quickly strung up, *e.g.*—

Who is more objective than Paul de Kock, with his fripperies, his popular, *spirituel* stories of the Paris of to-day?—153

Paul de Kock delineates the Paris of to-day, just as Marryat, whom he resembles in his coarseness (allowing for latitude) and in his good nature—depicts the British navy of to-day. The books of both have value as pictures of a day that is past.

Dickens, as also Balzac, seems to hold towards the ideal novelist some such relation as Thomas Brown, "*facile princeps* of botanists," held to Darwin.—91.

I believe that *Robert* Brown, a botanist contemporary with Martius, Wallich, and Bentham, was by Martius called *botanicorum facile princeps.*

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

History of our own time, 2 vols. *Chatto,* 1887.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's diplomatic career extended over thirty years of the present reign. His name is once given in the index to Mr. McCarthy's book. Eleven lines of the index, or twenty-two references to pages, are accorded to Sir Walter Scott, who died before the reign commenced. The index is a key to the book. Here is a key to the index:—

Justin McCarthy (*continued*).

A reader of Mr. Kinglake's history is apt to be nauseated by the absurd pomposness with which the historian overlays his descriptions of the great Eltchi. . . . A devoted imperial historian would have made himself ridiculous by writing of the great Napoleon at the height of his power in language of such inflated mysticism.

—Ch. xxv.

Let me add something which shows why any one may be glad to possess the *History of our own time*. It is about a twentieth of a passage on Mr. Gladstone at the time of the Budget speech:—

The greatest speech, the greatest poem, give the author the highest place, though the effort were but single. Shakespeare would rank beyond Massinger just as he does now had he written only the *Tempest*. We cannot say how many novels, each as good as *Gil Blas*, would make Le Sage the equal of Cervantes. On this point fame is inexorable. We are not, therefore, inclined to call Mr. Gladstone the greatest English orator of our time when we remember some of the finest speeches of Mr. Bright; but did we regard parliamentary speaking as a mere instrument of business and debate, then unquestionably Mr. Gladstone is not only the greatest, but by far the greatest English orator of our time; for he had a richer combination of gifts than any other man we can remember, and he could use them oftenest with effect.

René MAIZEROY.

Les **Deux femmes de mademoiselle.** *Havard*, 1880.

Mademoiselle is a young officer of girlish beauty.

These barrack-room stories are a veritable treasure in the way of distraction. One of them gives the experiences of—

AN OFFICER'S LADY.

Dès la prime aube, c'est un tapage de gros souliers ferrés qui piétinent les marchés des escaliers, de grosses voix qui parlent service, de grosses figures rougeaudes, niaisement épanouies, qui baillent dans le corridor. Mon mari est un officier d'avenir, disent ses camarades. . . .

"Officier d'avenir," cela représente des déjeuners électriques, pendant lesquels monsieur lit un journal militaire déplié contre son verre, signe des papiers et dépouille sa correspondance.

Nous sommes à deux bouts de la table, silencieux, mangeant, buvant, baillant. Baptiste est campé derrière nous, en uniforme, sa serviette sous le bras. Les chiens se roulent sur le tapis et me jettent des régards gourmands. Un vague adieu du bout des levres, au dessert, et je peux réciter toute la journée, comme autrefois au Sacré-Cœur: "*Calypso ne pouvait se consoler du départ d'Ulysse.*"

—Pages 218-9.

☞ *Maizeroy is known to be a pseudonym. But I take as I find.*

W. H. MALLOCK.

Human document, a novel. *Chapman and Hall,* 1892.

—"What a pity that a woman like Marie Bashkirtcheff, with such resolute frankness, and such power of self-observation, should have died before her experiences were better worth observing."

"Tell me," said the countess, "how deep in the mud must a woman walk before a man considers her progress interesting? . . . the manuscript is an imaginary continuation of Marie Bashkirtcheff's Journal, in which she is represented as undergoing the exact fate you were wishing for her."

The Imaginary Journal, as Countess Z. had called it, was not entirely a journal, and was not entirely imaginary. Some single thread of narrative, in a feminine handwriting, ran through the whole volume; but this was broken by pages after pages of letters, by scraps of poetry, and various other documents, all in the handwriting of a man, and all—as it seemed—originals.—3, 4.

If this is not enough to pique curiosity, I do not know what is.

W. H. MALLOCK.

A **Romance of the nineteenth century.** *Chatto,* 1892.

There are some books which you read and put down, again reading a little, to lay it down once more, for fear of having nothing more to read. This is such a one.

EARL OF MALMESBURY.

Mémoires d'un ancien ministre, 1807-69, traduits de l'anglais avec l'autorisation de l'auteur par M. A. B., 3me edition. *Paul Ollendorff,* 1885.

I extract from the English original a trait of calm heroism on the part of Lady Malmesbury, which might be called *noblesse oblige* in action:—

"One morning (at Geneva) we took a sailing-boat and went on the lake. The halyard slipped out of the block, and my brother's swarming up the mast capsized the boat. Lady Fitzharris (afterwards Countess of Malmesbury) turned to me, both of us being in the water, saying, 'Don't be afraid; I won't lay hold of you, but tell me what to do.' My brother, who had got entangled under the sail, came up, and by putting her hands on our shoulders we kept her up for a quarter of an hour, till a watchmaker, who was rowing his wife, took her in, whilst we hung to the stern till we reached the shore, which was a quarter of a mile off."

The French version costs about half the price of the English cheap edition.

BARON MARBOT.

Memoirs, translated by ARTHUR J. BUTLER.
Longmans, 1893.

A French general was killed in the wars with Germany. His friends wished him to be buried in Paris. His body was headed up in a cask filled with rum. When the cask was opened on arrival, it was found that the general's moustache had grown down to his knees. This is one of Marbot's stories. Of course there are sceptics, but they do not deserve to be told a good story. If this one is a fable, the moral is—Use rum for thin hair.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Works, by COLONEL CUNNINGHAM.
Chatto and Windus ( ).

Includes the translations. The edition most in vogue has not half the matter here given.

(CAPTAIN MARRYAT.)

Jacob Faithful, by the author of "Peter Simple," the "King's Own," &c. *Richard Bentley*, 1838.

STANDARD NOVELS, No. LXIII., in the old shiny cloth, plum colour, with a black label, lettered in gold.

Professor Maurice was in early life the author of a novel called *Eustace Conway*. Mr. Maurice sold the novel to Mr. Bentley. The villain of the novel was called Captain Marryat; and Mr. Maurice, who first learned of the publication of his book from a review in our columns, had soon the pleasure of receiving a challenge from the celebrated Captain Marryat. Great was the latter's astonishment on learning that the anonymous author of *Eustace Conway* had never heard of the biographer of *Peter Simple* and, being in Holy Orders, was obliged to decline a duel.—NEWSPAPER EXTRACT.

☞ *Captain Marryat's name is not on the title-page, but it would be ridiculous to treat the book as if one did not know the author.*

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

Percival Keene. *Baudry's Library*, 1842.

Better printed than any current English edition.

The stationer's shop at Chatham where Percival's mother and her sister entertain the officers with their brightness has always seemed to me one of the prettiest pictures in fiction—notwithstanding the marine who is in the shade.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

Poor Jack, illustrated by CLARKSON STANFIELD. *Routledge,* 1883.

As a boy I used to see the original edition in the hands of some friends. This cheap edition is a reminiscence.

BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN.

Old Chelsea, a summer day's stroll, illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL. *Unwin,* 1889.

Mr. Pennell's sketches invest commonplace objects with artistic glamour; the very barges on the river are glorified. Be it noted to the honour of the writer's literary sympathies, that six out of the hundred and eighty pages of which the book consists, are devoted to Henry Kingsley, a novelist whose chivalric and mystic qualities are too little recognised.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Biographical sketches, 1852-68. *Macmillan,* 1869.

I have collected all the memoirs I have written for the *Daily News*, from my first connection with the paper, in 1852.—H. M., Ambleside, 1868.

I. Royal; II. politicians; III. professional; IV. scientific; V. social; VI. literary.

There are between forty and fifty of these. It is wonderful how this lady calmly judged and appreciated men and women of the day, written as the notices were in a secluded mountain home.

Here are a few lines from the notice of Lockhart:—

The goodwill which he did not seek in his happy days, was won for him by the deep and manifold sorrows of his latter years. . . . He was now opulent . . . but what were opulence and leisure to him now? Those who saw him in his daily walk in London, his handsome countenance—always with a lowering and sardonic expression—now darkened with sadness, and the thin lips compressed more than ever, as by pain of mind, forgave, in respectful commiseration for one so visited, all causes of quarrel, however just . . . and carefully award him his due, as a writer who has afforded much pleasure in his day, and left a precious bequest to posterity in his *Life* of the great novelist, purged, as we hope it will be, of whatever is untrue and unkind, and rendered as safe as it is beautiful.

See, under "Croker," Lockhart's own words about the *Life*.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Bel ami, 62me edition. *Havard,* 1890.

The story vividly depicts the working of a Paris newspaper.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Fort comme la mort. *Ollendorff,* 1889.

For love is strong as death.—ECCLESIASTES.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Mademoiselle Fifi. *Havard,* 1890.

A collection of garrison stories. In one of them a tragic incident of the German occupation near Rouen is given with extraordinary vividness. A Frenchwoman after stabbing a Prussian officer who has insulted her, escapes almost barefoot in a snowy night, and hides for days in the village clock-tower till pursuit is over.

JULES MAUREL.

Duke of Wellington, with a preface by the EARL OF ELLESMERE. *Murray,* 1853.

I am much mistaken . . . if it do not rank now and hereafter among the most accurate, felicitous, and discriminating tributes which have emanated from any country in any language.—PREFACE.

G. PONET MAURY.

G. A. Bürger et les origines anglaises de la ballade littéraire en Allemagne. *Hachette,* 1889.

Which returned to us through the medium of Scott's translation of *Lenore.*

AUGUSTUS MAYHEW.

Faces for fortunes, 3 vols. *Tinsley Brothers,* 1865.

THE LAUGHTER OF WOMEN IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SOUND IN THE WORLD. IN THE HOPE OF HEARING IT, THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN.

The author does not say how he is to hear the laughter of his fair readers. The audience of a writer is generally out of earshot. A man can scarcely distribute his newly-printed story to those who are immediately about him, and then sit down and wait for the explosions which he has been laying trains for.

( )

Mehalah, a story of the salt marshes, 2 vols.

Smith and Elder, 1880.

A rival of the heroine describes her to a gentleman who hesitates. He had said:—

"She is more boaty than you are."

"I know—strides about like a man, smokes and swears, and chews tobacco. I have often wondered, George, what attracted you to Mehalah. To be sure, it will be a very convenient thing to have a wife who can swab, and tar the boat and caulk her. But then I should have fancied a man would have liked something different from a sort of man-woman—a jack-tar or Ben Brace in petticoats. . . . She has the temper of a tom-cat, I'm told. She blazes up like gunpowder. . . . Then she is half a gipsy. She'll keep with you as long as she likes, and then up with her pack, and on with her wading-boots. Yo, heave hoy! and away she goes."

An ex-fishing-boat-proprietress conducts a wedding—

She thrust her way to the pulpit, ascended the stair, and installed herself therein.

"Oh, my eye!" whispered the boys in the gallery. "The old lady is busted all down her back!"

"What is that?" asked Mrs. De Witt in dismay. She put her hands behind her. The observation of the boys was just. Her efforts to clear a way had been attended with ruin to the fastenings of her dress, and had brought back her arms to their normal position at the expense of hooks and eyes.

"It can't be helped," said Mrs. De Witt, "so here goes." And she drew on her military coat to hide the wreck.

"Now, then, parson, cast off!"

☞ *The author is one of the best known writers of the day. His name is printed on many a book. But as it is not given here, we are bound to respect the incognito.*

LORD MELBOURNE.

Papers, edited by LLOYD C. SANDERS. *Longman,* 1890.

The *poco curante* manner, the apparently light tone in which he often treated serious subjects, concealed a strenuous application to business, and a deep and genuine anxiety to do his duty to the best of his ability. . . . I remember noticing how easily the tears came into his eyes, not so much, as I have heard it said, at anything tender or affecting, as at the expression of a noble or generous sentiment.

EARL COWPER'S PREFACE.

If ordinary men are concerned to know what it is to be a Prime Minister, they will get an idea of the worries of the position from this book. Much of the anxiety in Melbourne's case was theological.

The outcry which followed Dr. Hampden's appointment to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford will long be remembered.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

—Narrative of a four months' residence among the natives of a valley of the **Marquesas Islands.** 1846.

This book is commonly called *Typee*, I believe.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

—Omoo, a narrative of adventures in the South Seas. *Murray's Home and Colonial Library,* 1847.

This and the preceding book are in the original dun-coloured covers, almost as fresh-looking as when published. In this dull land, amid drudgery which embrutes us while "passing the time," we, some of us, sigh for brighter skies and a climate less rude. Herman Melville gives an Englishman the best substitute.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

Moby Dick. *Putnam,* 1893.

Moby Dick is the name of a new edition of a wonderful story of South Sea whaling called *The whale*. It appears that American whalers hunt the sperm whale, an animal which affords some sport, regarding the Greenland whale as a tame beast, only fit to be chased by Englishmen. One sperm whale appears to have been a specially ugly customer, who would not be taken. He broke the leg of one captain who went after him. Resolved not to be beaten, the captain, with a wooden leg, sails again in chase of "Moby Dick," the whale, so familiar as to be known by sight. The book is the story of that cruise and of the encounter. I know no novel which more completely takes one out of the monotony of home life, and it amounts to a monograph on the sperm whale, its habits, internal economy, &c.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

White Jacket. *Putnam,* 1893.

Amid the crowd of naval novels, this distinguishes itself by depicting life on board an American warship.

( )

Men of the reign. *Routledge*, 1885.

Biographies of men and women, chiefly English, who have died since 1838. Observe the neatness with which literary characteristics are hit off—

JAMES, G. P. R. . . . To the present generation he is almost unknown, and quite unreadable; but the public of forty years ago honestly admired his long-drawn stories, his interminable conversations, his conventional sentiment, and his questionable history.

People liked to call him "George Prince Regent." Certainly, with his buttoned-up frock, black stock, and no shirt collar visible, he had quite the air of the "Ancient Regime" which he delighted to chronicle.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Beauchamp's career. *Chapman and Hall*, 1889.

If I were to say that Mr. Meredith's novels are works of instruction, I should be called a romancer. Nevertheless, the faultless manner in which foreign names are given in them—it seems almost an impertinence to speak of such a thing—is full of instruction for many a writer. Let me give an instance of the need of learning. Not ten years ago one of our expensive newspapers gave a view of Innsbruck, with letter-press which was "special"—if not taken from ordinary works of reference. The name of the town under the view was Innsbrück, and all through the article was Innsbrück, Innsbrück—*usque ad nauseam.*

Here is another case to show the astounding inaccuracy which passes muster. An expensive edition of Byron has a plate which I first saw quite lately (February, 1893), with the inscription, *The Wengen Alps*. Any one would suppose this to mean several mountains. The plate actually depicts a grassy platform, 6000 or 7000 feet high, whence, across a great abyss, you look on the snow-clad *Jungfrau*. This spectacle is said to have inspired the sublimities of *Manfred*. The platform is the *Wengern-Alp*—not "Wengen" ("Alp" in Swiss parlance is merely a high pasture). You may go up there and see nothing but a curtain of mist, from behind which, every few minutes, comes a roar as of thunder. These are avalanches. Presently there is a rift near one corner, and you see something shining. Before you have time to think, a pyramid, as it were of frosted silver, 13,000 feet high, is disclosed, glittering in the sun.

The charitable explanation of mis-spellings is that foreign

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Beauchamp's career (*continued*).

names have to be doctored for the English market, like foreign wines at Cette. Our patriotic feelings would be hurt by accuracy. It is notorious that in English company a man who attempts correct pronunciation of foreign words is looked on with compassion.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Diana of the Cross ways. *Chapman and Hall*, 1890.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Egoist. *Chapman and Hall*, 1889.

"Caviare to the general."

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Rhoda Fleming. *Chapman and Hall*, 1889.

No such savage and scathing attack upon the superstitions of respectability has been written as *Rhoda Fleming*.—HENLEY, VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

It is the critic's business to show the reader what is in a book, in doing which he sometimes makes a revelation to the author.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Sandra Belloni. *Chapman and Hall*, 1889.

This book with the beautiful name, an endearing diminutive of the more splendid Emilia Alessandra Belloni, is a prelude to the novel enumerated next. Under the name of Vittoria the girl was, from the boards of the Scala, to call Italy to arms.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Vittoria. *Chapman and Hall*, 1889.

This magnificent romance is the story of a voice. In it the actions, conversation, and even the looks of both Austrians and Italians—nay, the very aspect and phases of city, hill and plain—are so brought before the reader that he seems to have lived with the white-coated officers and Italian conspirators. Take, *e.g.*, the picture of General Pierson, Weisspriess, &c., chatting in the shadow of the *arena* at Verona, or the account of Barto Rizzo, the insurgent shoemaker, who fights tooth and nail for the liberation of his *cara Italia*, while enslaving his wife at home and making her an instrument of freedom.

Within late years two or three books, and essays innumer-

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Vittoria (*continued*).

able, on Mr. Meredith have appeared. All fight shy of *Vittoria*, so I venture to append a specimen or two.

Behold some amiable oppressors—

A group of officers, of the cavalry, with a few infantry uniforms skirting them, were sitting in the pleasant cooling evening air, fanned by the fresh springing breeze, outside one of the Piazza Bra* caffès, close upon the shadow of the great Verona amphitheatre. They were smoking their attenuated long straw cigars, sipping iced lemonade or coffee, and talking the common talk of garrison officers, with perhaps that additional savour of a robust immorality which a Viennese social education may give. The rounded ball of the brilliant September moon hung still aloft, lighting a fathomless sky as well as the fair earth. It threw solid blackness from the old savage walls almost to a junction with their indolent outstretched feet. Itinerant street music twittered along the Piazza; officers walked arm-in-arm; now in moonlight bright as day, now in shadow black as night: distant figures twinkled with the alternation. The light lay like a blade's sharp edge around the massive circle. Of Italians of a superior rank, Verona sent none to this resort. Even the melon-seller stopped beneath the arch ending the Stradone Porta Nuova, as if he had reached a marked limit of his popular customers.

Here is part of a portrait of Mazzini as seen by his followers assembled on the Motterone, a great green wedge, 4000 feet high, which divides the Lake of Orta from the Lago Maggiore—especially curious in the light of an incident narrated at pages 91, 92:—

The side view of his face was an expression of classic beauty rarely now to be beheld, either in classic lands or elsewhere. It was severe; the tender serenity of the full bow of the eyes relieved it. In profile they showed little of their intellectual quality, but what some might have thought a playful luminousness, and some a quick pulse of feeling. The chin was firm; on it, and on the upper lip, there was a clipped growth of black hair. The whole visage widened upward from the chin, though not very markedly before it reached the broad-lying brows. The temples were strongly indented by the swelling of the forehead above them: and on both sides of the head there ran a pregnant ridge, such as will sometimes lift men a deplorable half-inch above the earth we tread. If this man was a problem to others, he was none to himself; and when others called him an idealist, he accepted the title, reading himself, notwithstanding, as one who was less flighty than many philosophers and professedly practical teachers of his generation. He saw far, and he grasped ends beyond obstacles: he was nourished by sovereign principles; he despised material present interests; and, as I have

* I believe the name is changed now. There is a garden with seats, where pavement was, and a very bellicose equestrian statue of Vittorio Immanuele I.

George MEREDITH.

Vittoria (*continued*).

said, he was less supple than a soldier. If the title of idealist belonged to him, we will not immediately decide that it was opprobrious. The idealised conception of stern truths played about his head certainly for those who knew and who loved it. Such a man, perceiving a devout end to be reached might prove less scrupulous in his course, possibly, and less remorseful, than revolutionary Generals. His smile was quite unclouded, and came softly as a curve in water. It seemed to flow with, and to pass in and out of, his thoughts,—to be a part of his emotion and his meaning when it shone transiently full. For as he had an orbed mind, so had he an orbed nature. The passions were absolutely in harmony with the intelligence. He had the English manner; a remarkable simplicity contrasting with the demonstrative oateries and gesticulations of his friends when they joined him on the height.

A famous Austrian swordsman has been wounded almost to death in a duel with Angelo Guidascarpi armed with a dagger. Vittoria is near. 'Tis a superbly martial bit—

A vision of leaping tumbrils, and long marching columns about to deploy, passed before his eyelids: he thought he had fallen on the battlefield, and heard a drum beat furiously in the back of his head; and on streamed the cavalry, wonderfully caught away to such a distance that the figures were all diminutive, and the regimental colours swam in smoke, and the enemy danced a plume here and there out of the sea, while his mother and a forgotten Viennese girl gazed at him with exactly the same unfamiliar countenance, and refused to hear that they were unintelligible in the roaring of guns and floods and hurrahs, and the thumping of the tremendous big drum behind his head—"somewhere in the middle of the earth:" he tried to explain the locality of that terrible drumming noise to them, and Vittoria conceived him to be delirious; but he knew that he was sensible: he knew her and Angelo and the mountain pass, and that he had a cigar-case in his pocket worked in embroidery of crimson, blue, and gold by the hands of Countess Anna. He said distinctly that he desired the cigar-case to be delivered to Countess Anna at the Castle of Sonnenberg, and rejoiced on being assured that his wish was comprehended and should be fulfilled; but the marvel was, that his mother should still refuse to give him wine, and suppose him to be a boy: and when he was so thirsty and dry-lipped that though Mina was bending over him, just fresh from Mariazell, he had not the heart to kiss her or lift an arm to her!—His horse was off with him—whither?—He was going down with a company of infantry in the Gulf of Venice: cards were in his hand, visible, though he could not feel them, and as the vessel settled for the black plunge, the cards flushed all honours, and his mother shook her head at him: he sank, and heard Mina sighing all the length of the water to the bottom, which grated and gave him two horrid shocks of pain: and he cried for a doctor, and admitted that his horse had managed

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Vittoria (*continued*).

to throw him; but wine was the cure, brandy was the cure, or water, water!

Not often do we see a portrait so beautiful and so sad as this—

Countess Ammiani was a Venetian lady of a famous House, the name of which is as a trumpet sounding from the inner pages of the Republic. Her face was like a leaf torn from an antique volume; the hereditary features told the story of her days. The face was sallow and fireless; life had faded like a painted cloth upon the imperishable moulding. She had neither fire in her eyes nor colour on her skin. The thin close multitudinous wrinkles ran up accurately ruled from the chin to the forehead's centre, and touched faintly once or twice beyond, as you observe the ocean ripples run in threads confused to smoothness within a space of the grey horizon sky. But the chin was firm, the mouth and nose were firm, the forehead sat calmly above these shows of decay. It was a most noble face; a fortress face; strong and massive, and honourable in ruin, though stripped of every flower.

This lady in her girlhood had been the one lamb of the family dedicated to heaven. Paolo, the General, her lover, had wrenched her from that fate to share with him a life of turbulent sorrows till she should behold the blood upon his grave. She, like Laura Piaveni, had bent her head above a slaughtered husband, but, unlike Laura, Marcellina Ammiani had not buried her heart with him. Her heart and all her energies had been his while he lived; from the visage of death it turned to her son. She had accepted the passion for Italy from Paolo; she shared it with Carlo. Italian girls of that period had as little passion of their own as flowers kept out of sunlight have hues. She had given her son to her country with that intensely apprehensive foresight of a mother's love which runs quick as Eastern light from the fervour of the devotion to the remote realisation of the hour of the sacrifice, seeing both in one. Other forms of love, devotion in other bosoms, may be deluded, but hers will not be. She sees the sunset in the breast of the springing dawn. Often her son Carlo stood a ghost in her sight. With this haunting prophetic vision, it was only a mother, who was at the same time a supremely noble woman, that could feel all human to him notwithstanding. . . .

These four pictures, all lovingly traced, show the grand impartiality of a writer whom the French designate *magistral*.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Lucile, illustrated. *Kegan Paul,* 1882.

A story, in hexameters, of modern chivalry.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Wanderer; Clytemnestra, &c. *B. Tauchnitz,* 1869.

Politest of polite literature; high life poetised.

PROSPER MERIMÉE.

An author's love, being the unpublished letters of Merimée's *Inconnue,* 2 vols. *Macmillan,* 1889.

Merimée's *Lettres à une inconnue* are famous as the love-letters of a great literary man. This book professes to be the lady's letters to him. It is, however, a mystification by a clever American who has betrayed herself by making the *Inconnue* write about "owning *up to*"—something.

Here is a specimen from the letters—

. . . Did you ever hear that story sung as a sacred anthem ? The oil ran down his beard, ran down—Aaron—the oil—it ran—his beard ran down—down—down—Aaron—down—the oil, the oil, the oil, down Aaron—down—down—the oil his beard ran down—ran—God knows where it finally did or did not run or whether it was the oil, or Aaron, or the beard which eventually ran down—down—down—I , 89.

A plain-sailing man has also described an anthem—

"If I was to say to you, '*'Ere, Bill, give me that handspike,*' THAT wouldn't be a hanthem ; but if I was to say to you, '*Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me, that, that, that, handspike, spike, spike, spike,*' why, *that* would be a hanthem."—CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

☞ *I have had to put this anonymous book under Merimée's name, as all its interest is derived from him.*

PROSPER MERIMÉE.

Letters to Panizzi, 2 vols. *Remington,* 1881.

The interest is chiefly political. Thus, May 10, 1859—

The Emperor left to-day. He was escorted to the railway-station by an immense crowd which cheered him lustily.

That was *en route* for Magenta, Solferino, &c. Thiers said—

Louis Napoleon has planned this war for years; for years he has forced Austria to keep up establishments beyond her means; that s' e is bleeding to death; that the Congress was a trick; that as soon as *he* was prepared, and *she* exhausted, he would spring upon her; and because she would not wait for his spring, he calls her an aggressor.—NASSAU SENIOR.

The return was not triumphant—

Il avait solemnellement proclamé à l'univers qu'il allait delivrer l'Italie "des Alpes à l'Adriatique," et il l'abandonnait à mi-chemin. Le vainqueur de Solferino est obligé de se sauver nuitamment, au milieu des huées, des cris de mépris, de mort et de malédiction de ce

PROSPER MERIMÉE.

Letters to Panizzi (*continued*).

bon peuple qu'il venait de delivrer. A Turin, l'animosité populaire prit de telles proportions que Victor-Emmanuel, craignant pour la vie de Napoleon III., le prit au milieu de la nuit et le conduisit hors de la ville.—DERNIER DES NAPOLÉONS.

PROSPER MERIMÉE.

Lettres à une inconnue. *Michel Levy* ( ).

The name of the *Inconnue* was long a secret, but Miss O'Meara's account of Madame Mohl's *Salon* half reveals it.

CHARLES MEROUVEL.

La **Filleule de la duchesse.** *Dentu*, 1880.

The story of an ambitious and clever French girl whose mind rebels against the prospect in life which her father's chemist's shop in Paris offers her. The Duchess gets her the appointment of governess in a lordly Scotch castle. There she makes havoc in the hearts of the men who come to kill game in the autumn. The end is, that a rajah who is among the guests, in the most ceremonious terms, offers to "buy" her, if she will consent to be taken to India. He explains that so alliances in his country are made.

J. MERY.

Marthe la blanchisseuse; La **Venus d'Arles.** *Calmann Levy*, 1884.

Constantin et Gallus, deux empereurs artistes, ont meublé Arles; ils lui ont donné des monuments magnifiques et des promenoirs peuplés de belles statues. Alors est arrivé pour Arles le phenomène remarqué à Athènes, à Rome et à Syracuse. Ces musées en plein air ont frappés l'imagination des femmes en pouvoir de Lucine, et les traits divins de tant de statues de déesses se sont reflétés sur les visages des jeunes filles. . . . La beauté des femmes s'est perpetuée après la ruine des musées.—VENUS D'ARLES.

A German student to complete his curriculum travels in France and visits the Roman antiquities of Nismes and the neighbourhood. One day, strolling about in Arles, he sees in the embrasure of a window a living statue reclining in the attitude of a sphinx. He is petrified and chained to the spot. We learn how he courts a Venus of Arles, and what his mother says when she hears of it, the family being what is called *adelig* in Germany.

( )

Metaphysicians, a memoir of Franz Carvel, brush-maker, &c.
Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts, 1857.

Originally about twelve shillings, this came to me, or I to it, for ten pence. But I had waited more years than Jacob did for Rachel.

According to Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, a partner of Longmans' house while on a visit to Archibald Constable perceived five swans, as he thought, on a pond. "Swans, man!" exclaimed Constable, "they are geese, and their names are . . ." Lockhart adds that this skit cost the "Crafty" a good bargain.

MEYER.

Hand-Lexicon, 2 vols. *Bibliographisches Institut,* 1885.

A working encyclopædia with coloured maps and elaborate plates of machinery, ships, &c., and much statistics, within the compass of two thick crown octavo volumes.

EDOUARD DE MORSIER.

Romanciers allemands contemporains. *Perrin,* 1890.

Friedrich (German spelling) Spielhagen, Paul Heyse, Gustave (French spelling) and Wilhelm (German spelling) Raabe.—403, 404.

M. de Morsier's book is especially interesting as being from the hand of a Frenchman. There are such copious extracts that one becomes acquainted with the best German novelists at a very easy rate through the medium of translation.

An introduction of 112 pages, "De l'Allemagne, de sa littérature, de sa langue, et de son génie," is a very pretty pendant to Madame de Staël's wonderful book. Her MS. was completed in 1810, as she says in her preface.

E. C. GRENVILLE MURRAY.

Side lights on English society. *Vizetelly,* 1885.

A species of *Vanity Fair* in detached sketches. The illustrations to this book, from their smartness and elegance, must be French.

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Œuvres, ornées de dessins de M. BIDA, gravés en taille douce, &c. *Charpentier,* 1867.

The plates are of exceeding delicacy and beauty.

The back is very prettily gilt on leather. The sides are of grained cloth, the same colour, so cunningly "let in" to the overlapping of the back, that a superficial observer might well take the binding to be whole leather. The gilt edges look like the shiny part of a brass candlestick.

NAPOLEON III.

Le **Dernier des Napoléons.** *Lacroix,* 1875.

Infimus Napoleonidum!—no English word will translate the two-edged *dernier.* The author, who dedicates his 400 pages to the manes of Maximilian, with savage delight, shows up the Napoleonic *régime.* Cavour is regarded as the prototype of Bismarck, who, with old William, is beautifully sketched.

It is a political pamphlet of extraordinary piquancy. Here are two pictures in little :—

CAVOUR.

Cavour était le politique le plus foncièrement et le plus froidement pervers de son temps.

M. de Bismark, son copiste servile, son disciple et son admirateur fanatique, restera toujours et quand même au dessous de son modèle de toute la distance qui sépare le génie du talent, l'original de la traduction.

Cavour avait scruté, dechiffré et jugé Napoléon III. avec un inexorable sagacité. . . . Il vit avec bonheur, mais avec stupefaction, que cet homme n'entrevoyait même pas, ce que l'indépendance et l'unité d'Italie allaient créer de périls pour la France.

EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Le roi Guillaume est le personnification du caractère, de l'esprit et de la politique prussiques (*sic*) dans ce qu'ils ont de plus excessif, de plus audacieux, de plus immoral.

La fourberie et l'hypocrisie sont le fonds même du caractère national de la Prusse. C'est le souffle vital et perpetuel qu'inspire et anime toutes les phases de sa politique, tous les mystères de sa vie historique et intime. C'est tout le génie de Frédéric le Grand, qu'on appélait de son temps "*le grand fourbe.*"

And here is an "English gentleman"—

Un jour Sir James Hudson demanda à M. de Cavour une audience pour un gentilhomme anglais. Cavour, qui était fort matinal, donna ses audiences à cinq heures du matin. Le protégé de S. Exc. l'ambas-

NAPOLEON III.

Le **dernier des Napoléons** (*continued*).

sadeur fut exact. Manières raides, tenue irréprochable, la barbe coupée à l'anglaise, c'était le type idéal du "*gentleman traveller*."

L'Anglais déroula au ministre italien un plan formidable et complet de rénovation italienne.

Cavour, qui se connaissait dans la matière, fut épouvanté de la hardiesse, de la lucidité, de la profondeur, et surtout de la perspicacité de son interlocuteur; mais, ne saisissant qu'imparfaitement la phrase anglaise, il lui en témoigna le regret et lui demanda si par bonheur il parlait le français. Le *gentleman*, avec un flegme parfait, se mit à resumer la conversation et ses idées dans le dialecte italien le plus pur et le plus elegant.

Cavour, fasciné, buvait la dernière parole, quand l'étranger se leva pour prendre congé.

— Monsieur, lui dit le ministre, vous parlez politique comme Machiavel et italien comme Manzoni. Si j'avais un compatriote tel que vous, je lui céderais aujourd'hui même la présidence du conseil! Maintenant, en quoi pourrais-je à mon tour vous être agréable!

— Si vous aviez un compatriote tel que moi, répondit le *gentleman*, vous le feriez condamner à mort! Vous me demandez comment vous pourriez reconnaître les bons avis que je vous ai donnés? . . . En les exécutant et en délivrant l'Italie. Jusque-là, la protection de Sir Hudson me suffira.

Et l'inconnu se retira en tendant sa carte au ministre; Cavour fit un soubresaut, il avait lu sur la carte de visite:

MAZZINI.

Contrast that with the *gentilhomme anglais* in Fleet Street—

The biographer remembers being desired to look towards the left, on doing which he perceived a man of very dark complexion, in a shabby black coat, with a silk kerchief wound round and round his neck, without collar, waistcoat buttoned high, and with downcast eyes, standing by the side of one of the small archways of Temple Bar. Panizzi observed, "That is Mazzini." No sign of recognition passed between them.—FAGAN'S LIFE OF PANIZZI.

NAPOLEON III.

Letters of "an Englishman" on Louis Napoleon, the Empire and the Coup d'état, reprinted, with large additions, from the *Times*. *Henry G. Bohn*, 1852.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"I PUBLISH these letters for these reasons. They are calculated, I believe—they are meant, I know—to elevate the tone of public life, to fortify the sense of public honour; to brand a paltry and a huckstering statecraft; to blow up political quackery and shams. . . . To denounce tyranny; strip the tinsel from success; tear the mask

NAPOLEON III.

Letters of "an Englishman" (*continued*).

from the leprous visage of hypocrisy; aroynt (*sic*) the juggling fiend," &c., &c.

This is very fine, of course, but it makes one feel that 1852 is a long while ago. The rhetoric of these letters produces the same sort of effect on the mind as reading now Samuel Warren's *Diary of a late physician*, with its "My God!" *et id genus omne*.

The stilted style—the "Good God, sir!" style—is certainly gone out.—WHITTY'S POLITICAL PORTRAITS, 1854.

( )

The **New Antigone,** a romance. *Macmillan*, 1888.

This might be called the romance of a picture, an ancestral portrait which the hero of the story, a celebrated painter, has been asked to see if he can restore. He sets to work, and this is the result—

The countenance (nominally a Madonna) that had been lost was visible once more, drawing all eyes to it, in calm unconscious beauty, not looking down towards earth, but already enlightened, as it seemed, with the glory that falls from the Great White Throne. It was not a likeness of any human face; if it resembled Lady May, the expression transcended all that had ever shone on her features.—156.

The heroine of the story, Hippolyta, is a young lady of aristocratic descent who had been brought up away from society. When at length she enters it, the women seem to her hard-mouthed.

If I were called upon to cite a specially aristocratic trait, it would be simplicity of speech—"yea, yea" and "nay, nay."

And there are faces which seem of unalterable sweetness.

HENRY NORMAN.

The real Japan; studies of contemporary manners, morals, administration and politics, illustrated from photographs by the author. *Unwin*, 1892.

My statements are based upon months of special investigation at the capital, supplemented by visits to Siberia, Korea, and Peking. At Tokyo every opportunity for study of all the departments of Government was most courteously afforded me; a Japanese gentleman from the Civil Service was placed at my disposal as translator and interpreter, and my inquiries into matters outside official control were made easy by official and private assistance.—PREFACE.

Oberammergau und sein Passionsspiel, von KARL TRAUTMANN; Zeichnungen von PETER HALM.
Bamberg, 1890.

Has sketchy illustrations showing the ordinary life of Oberammergauers, a view of the dome of Ettal, &c., and a very pretty cover.

☞ *This should, strictly, have been put in letter "T." But both it and the entries "Napoleon III." are most easily found as they are.*

T. P. O'CONNOR.

Lord Beaconsfield, a biography. *Mullan*, 1879.

Mr. O'Connor writes from a hostile point of view; but what makes his book so damaging is the array of facts which he marshals along the line of his narrative.—SPECTATOR.

This history of the genius of glitter, a veritable *ignis fatuus* —which Latin words translate "light and leading"—is a valuable political record; bearing witness in Primrose days. Jeaffreson's *Novels and Novelists*, N. P. Willis' *Pencillings*, Madden's *Life of Lady Blessington*, and contemporary newspapers are, *inter alia*, drawn upon for illustrative extracts.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Fashionable philosophy, sketches, &c.
Blackwoods, 1887.

It is not often that a purely English book is printed in the *Tauchnitz-Format*; colour, paper covers and all. This is an example.

RICHARD O'MONROY.

La grande fête. *Calmann-Levy*, 1890.

Exceptionally smart Parisian stories. In one of them, a *baronne* wants a new carriage. Her husband says she wants exercise—

L'exercice vous est excellent, surtout l'exercice à pied—ce que les ladies anglaises appellent du *footing*. Voulez-vous un bon conseil? Eh bien! faites du *footing*, ma chère amie, faites du *footing*.

— Eh bien! alors, mon cher, puisque vous le voulez, je vais devenir *a footing-lady*.

One wonders whether, to French eyes, a French phrase in an English book looks as bad as that. Here is a story of British maltreatment of French—

A case was being tried before Lord Campbell in which both parties and all the witnesses were French. The counsel on either side, Sir

RICHARD O'MONROY (*continued*).

Alexander Cockburn and Sir Frederick Thesiger, were excellent French scholars, and the jury professed themselves well acquainted with the lingo. Everything went smoothly until the judge uttered some sounds which were certainly not English, and as certainly not French. Sir Alexander Cockburn muttered in an angry tone to his opponent, "What ails the old fool to murder the language like that?" "Oh," said Thesiger, "Jock's not killing it, he's only Scotching it."—NEWSPAPER LEADER.

☞ *One cannot suppose that "Richard, o mon roi" is a real name, but a cataloguer has to accept what the author gives him.*

OVIDE.

Amours, Heroides, &c.; avec étude par JULES JANIN. *Bibliothèque Latine-française* ( ).

Janin's essay is the temptation to keep this, which I bought in the expectation of finding all the Heroids. Not having intended to possess the *Amours*, it is consolatory to read in Finck, *q.v.*—

. . . to be regretted—the undervaluation of Ovid's genius. . . . For Ovid was unquestionably the first poet who had a conception of the higher possibilities of love; in fact he was the greatest, and the only great love-poet before Dante. His rare genius enabled him to anticipate and depict the modern imaginative side of love. . . . Ovid was a profound observer and psychologist . . . the *Elegies* and *Heroides* are full of pretty modern touches and flashes of insight.

ROMANTIC LOVE.

OVIDE.

Heroïdes, &c. *Bibliothèque Latine-française* ( ).

When I was sent to school at about the age of ten, the first Latin exercise was to translate, day after day, these epistles of deserted ladies. I have always carried about with me a sense of their beauty and fitness of language. Take these specimens of gentle plaint, sneer, and savage upbraiding—

Phyllis Demophoonti.
Hospita, Demophoon, tua te Rhodopeia Phyllis
Ultra promissum tempus abesse queror.

Œnone Paridi.
Perlegis? An conjux prohibet nova?

Ariadne Theseo.
Mitius inveni, quam te, genus omne ferarum!

W. OWEN.

Sketches of **Lago Maggiore and Pallanza.**
Bickers, 1879.

The praises of the Hotel Pallanza are said or sung without stint, by the resident clergyman, who takes pupils, as per advertisement. Let it be added, that every one who visits the Lago Maggiore will be less likely to miss something that is worth seeing if he has this very portable little book with him.

H. N. OXENHAM.

Recollections of Oberammergau in 1871.
Rivingtons, 1880.

A good example of the English attitude towards foreign worshippers.

( )

Paternoster Row, a journey of many a day, by a Journey-man. *Manuscript* ( ).

Joseph and Elizabeth Robins PENNELL.

Play in Provence, (being) a series of sketches written and drawn. *Unwin,* 1892.

The designs are exquisite. On the cover the word "play" is illustrated by a picture of a bull facing his tormentors in the arena. In the letterpress the Englishman is illustrated—

"A bull-fight! Ah, let us go away before the horrid thing commences. Do you know when it begins? Ah! ten minutes; we have ample time to see the arena. Come, George." And they skipped rapidly round the huge circle, clambering over the broken seats, and when the band entered they disappeared. It is like this that the average tourist sees the character of a country. And they were the only foreigners, save the Publisher, in Arles.—70, 71.

And where was the Writer, that he should describe?

☞ *I have put parentheses about the word "being" to show how well it can be spared.*

( )

Penny Magazine, two volumes. 1838, 1843.

Although the older series was published more than fifty years ago, there is nothing better amid the hosts of periodicals, if one merely desires a book to turn over. The woodcuts are singularly bold and bright.

1843 belongs to the newer series. A trifling circumstance will show how a book may be chronological. When I was a boy, two ladies, dressed in deep mourning, called at my father's house. Their visit had no sort of importance, but it seemed in memory to be associated with an article on needle-making which commenced with the words, "Why are needles made at Redditch?" So, observing a volume of the *Penny Magazine* of about the probable date of the visit, lying on a bookstall, I thought I would see if the article on needles was in it. It was.

BISHOP PERCY.

Reliques of ancient English poetry. *Warne,* 1880.

When I was a young fellow a copy of "Percy" was not to be had under 10*s.* second-hand. New it was double the price. So I went without it. Now, two shillings or less buys the book.

PLOETZ.

Manuel de la littérature française. *Berlin,* 1886.

A collection of specimens of French authors which are valuable for their fulness. Thus, Merimée's famous *Prise d'une redoute* is given entire, I think. The author called it *L'enlèvement d'une redoute.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Histoires extraordinaires, traduction de Charles Baudelaire, 2 vols. *Calmann Levy,* 1887-8.

(Aurevilly says) "L'Américain étrangle le poete, et les besoins de realité, ancrés si profondément dans les hommes de sa race, détruisent l'effet fantastique qu'il avait d'abord obtenu. Le merveilleux expliqué n'est plus du merveilleux.

The name of the translator was the temptation to get these. But reading them as French stories sets one's teeth on edge in a curious way.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Tales of mystery, imagination, and humour; and poems; illustrated with twenty-six engravings on wood. *Readable Books,* 1851.

"Henry Vizetelly, printer and engraver, Gough Square, Fleet Street."

Mr. Vizetelly was also the publisher, and one may presume, the projector of the series. Forty years ago the publishers of pretty illustrated books at a low price were few indeed.

JULES POIRET.

Horace, étude psychologique et littéraire. *Paris,* 1891.

This being the day of psychology, temporarily obscured by theosophy, it is very "nice" to have Horace so treated.

STANLEY LANE POOLE.

Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. *Longmans,* 1890.

This is the authoritative life of the "Great Eltchi." It is not much reduced from the two volumes octavo in which it first appeared.

W. MACKWORTH PRAED.

Selections, by SIR G. YOUNG. *Ward and Lock* ( ).

I first made the acquaintance of Praed in a little magazine published by Charles Knight about 1846—as a writer of elaborate riddles in verse called by a peculiar name. It is not for such riddles that I value any collection of his poems. Now, I wonder that Praed should have been so represented.

( )

Publisher's playground. *Kegan Paul,* 1888.

At first I thought the publisher had been playing on his own ground. But it is not so. This very little book has a peculiarity which is new to me. The notes at the foot of each page are printed in the usual manner, looking like prose; but they appear to be rhymed verse made prose by the printer's art.

L. QUICHERAT.

Thesaurus poeticus linguæ latinæ. *Hachette,* 1890.

Suppose the words *impar congressus* come into one's mind, and one would like to know the complete phrase, this book gives it. Or is it *gutta cavat lapidem?* here is the whole thought and the source of it—

Gutta cavat lapidem, consumitur annulus usu.—Ovid.

For years I have been passively seeking a Latin phrase on the tedium of life, of which one of the words is *tædet.* In Quicherat I find it. Dido* sighs—

Tædet cœli convexa tueri.—Virg.

An Englishman may tire of perpetual blue in sea and sky, and long for neutrals, which are more like home.

Quite lately, I have been wanting a classical dictionary, to tell me "who" Demophoon, Phyllis, &c., are, for cyclopædias disdain them. Here I have the information in the best form, with the poetical passages which relate to them.

Felix RABBE.

Les **Maitresses authentiques** de Lord Byron, par Felix Rabbe. *Albert Savine,* 1890.

He means actually (or we should say) the ladies whose names are associated with Byron's history, for Miss Chaworth is one of them. The book gives particulars about Allegra's mother, &c., which Moore, for fear of offending aristocratic friends, withheld from his *Life of Byron.*

Ernest RADFORD.

Measured steps. *Unwin,* 1884.

In "measured steps" the rushing *pace* of a locomotive finds poetic expression.

* There is another account of Dido's grief—

When Dido found Æneas would not come,
She wept in silence and was *Di, do, dum.*

Thomas RAIKES.

Raikes' Diary. A portion of the journal from 1831 to 1847, reminiscences of social and political life in London and Paris, 2 vols. *Longmans,* 1858.

I do not think it is generally known that Raikes' Diary was edited by Greville, whose own journal became so famous later on. This would suggest an intimacy between the two men, but Raikes is not mentioned in the *Greville Memoirs.* No doubt Greville revised Raikes' book for aristocratic reasons. Raikes was originally a city man or of city extraction. Gronow tells us that at the clubs they called him "Apollo," because he rose in the East and set in the West. His diary is well written, a reflection of the best talk of the day, and a fund of information. In it we find an excellent account of the careers of Beau Brummell and of Count Pozzo di Borgo. The best part of Georges Sand's estimate of Talleyrand is printed in French. Raikes was a close friend of Lord Alvanley, and corresponded with the Duke of Wellington. Here is an example of the interest of the book :—

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

Talleyrand was born lame, and his limbs are fastened to his trunk by an iron apparatus, on which he strikes every now and then his gigantic cane, to the great dismay of those who see him for the first time—an awe not diminished by the look of his piercing grey eyes, peering through his shaggy eyebrows, his unearthly face, marked with deep stains, covered partly by his shock of extraordinary hair, partly by his enormous cravat, which supports a large protruding lip drawn over his upper lip, with a cynical expression no painting could render; add to this apparatus of terror, his dead silence, broken occasionally by the most sepulchral guttural monosyllables. Talleyrand's pulse, which rolls a stream of enormous volume, intermits and pauses at every sixth beat. This he constantly points out triumphantly as a test of nature, giving him at once a superiority over other men. Thus, he says, all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of those of his whole life, and his longevity and strength appear to support this extraordinary theory.—Raikes.

For more about Talleyrand see "Bates," page 11.

The extract from Raikes' journal given under "Adair" is a good instance of the value of the *Diary* as a work of reference. If any one has a mind to know in what year the steamer *President* was lost, the index to "Raikes" leads to the information. If this seem nothing, let the reader try and find out some other way.

C. T. RAMAGE.

Beautiful thoughts from French and Italian authors. 1884.

There are not so many quotations as one might hope from the bulk of the volume. No doubt there are beautiful thoughts, but many of the citations are what we call "good things," as—

> Quand on n'a ce qu'on aime,
> Il faut aimer ce qu'on a.

It is comforting to find that this comes from a very high quarter. I had used it as a motto to a book without knowing the source. The words are from a letter of Bussy-Rabutin, Madame de Sévigné's cousin and correspondent. See under "Bussy" what Sainte-Beuve says of this great "swell."

( )

Ravenscliffe. *Galignani* ( ).

Lord Fermanagh missed marrying a lady he was in love with because she preferred some one else. After twenty years or more, at a solitary pass on the coast of Ireland he meets the lady's son by his rival :—

> The colour of his (the young man's) face was heightened by his walk, and the fresh wind blew the fair hair round his countenance as he lifted his hat. It was singular, but it was thus, when animated by the fresh air, and his own naturally sweet and cheerful expression, that he most resembled his mother. . . .

They got into conversation—

> As it proceeded, the stranger (Lord Fermanagh) would start, change colour, and a strange passion would flit over his face. At a certain point on the cliff he signed for Edwin to ascend; then, turning abruptly away, he hurried for concealment under the rocks, and gave a few minutes to an outburst of uncontrollable emotion.—171-3.

I remember, when reading this a long time ago, thinking, "what a romantic circumstance!" as if such agitation were to be envied.

☞ *The author is Mrs. Marsh, but it seems best to follow the book.*

CHARLES READE.

Foul play, by CHARLES READE and DION BOUCICAULT, illustrated by Du Maurier. *Chatto,* 1888.

I may say that this is the only novel I ever read serially. It was published in *Once a Week.* It is an astounding book, giving the idea of omniscience on the part of its authors. Of course it has been mercilessly ridiculed; *inter alia,* by a mock story called *Chikkin Hazard.*

CHARLES READE.

Griffith Gaunt, or jealousy, illustrated. *Chatto,* 1887.

Griffith Gaunt, a squire, is a stout Protestant. He has married a Roman Catholic. The frontispiece shows her, a supremely fine lady, in Academic converse with her confessor, a too beautiful priest. The husband glares at them, behind some foliage. After beating the priest he leaves home, and presently marries a sweet plebeian, Mary Vint. She, in prison, captivates a baronet. It is very pretty to hear her, not his lover, call him George.

CHARLES READE.

A terrible temptation, a story of the day. *Chatto* ( ).

CHARLES READE.

A woman-hater. *Chatto,* 1887.

The heroine sings:—

After a recitative that rivalled the silver trumpet, she flung herself with immediate and electrifying effect into the melody. The orchestra, taken by surprise, fought feebly for the old ripple, but the Klosking, resolute by nature, was now mighty as Neptune, and would have her big waves. The momentary struggle, in which she was loyally seconded by the conductor, evoked her grand powers. Catgut had to yield to brain, and the whole orchestra, composed, after all, of good musicians, soon caught the divine afflatus, and the little theatre seemed on fire with music. The air, sung with a large rhythm, swelled and rose, and thrilled every breast with amazement and delight; the house hung breathless; by-and-bye there were pale cheeks, panting bosoms, and wet eyes, the true, rare triumphs of the sovereigns of song; and, when the last note had pealed and ceased to vibrate, the pent-up feelings burst forth in a roar of applause, which shook the dome, followed by a clapping of hands like a salvo, that never stopped till Ina Klosking, who had retired, came forward again.—35.

ADOLPHE RICARD.

L'amour, les femmes et le mariage, historiettes, pensées et reflexions glanées à travers champs. *Dentu,* 1857.

This might be called a dictionary of wisdom. Extracts from authors of various countries are grouped under words—

JALOUSIE.

Un jaloux trouve toujours plus qu'il ne cherche.
MDLLE. DE SCUDÉRY.

VISAGE.

Le visage est le miroir de l'âme.—SAINT JÉRÔME.

Les femmes se cachent dans le sein de Dieu, lorsqu'elles ont honte de montrer un vieux visage auquel les jeunes gens ne rient plus.
ROCHEBRUNE.

The book is a famous index to reading. One learns the names of authors one has not heard of (I speak for myself), and discovers that many a seemingly uninteresting—because unread—author has written interesting things. Among the writers quoted are Aristotle, Cicero, Erasmus, Hesiod, Joubert, Milton, Montesquieu, Pascal, &c., &c.

J. RICARD.

La **Course à l'amour.** *Paris,* 1888.

French-fashion, this book contains a story, *Simplette,* not named on the cover. Here is a specimen of it—

Le beau marquis. . . . En 1865, son énorme fortune devorée jusqu' au dernier louis, il s'était marié. On lui avait découvert une petite cousine très riche, laide et intelligente ; il l'avait épousée comme on se noie.

J. RICARD.

Moumoute. *Calmann Levy,* 1892.

Elle aimait, donc elle croyait. . . . Ce qui était en elle, elle le mit en lui. C'est assez généralement ce qui se passe dans le cas d'amour et c'est ainsi que naissent les stupeurs qui saisissent, lorsqu'on voit l'être si facticement créé agir selon sa véritable nature et non dans le sens de celle dont on l'avait mentalement doué.—150, 151.

Folie étrange de nos âmes chercheuses d'impossible ! Le plus clair de nos joies est fait de souffrance. Quand notre vie a coulé et que, au bord du grand Doute où nous allons tomber, nous regardons en arrière, nous ne trouvons de souvenir et de reconnaissance que pour ce qui nous a fait pleurer et saigner.—311.

W. R. RICHARDSON.

From London Bridge to Lombardy by a macadamised route. *Sampson Low*, 1869.

The good-humoured English traveller is here seen at his best, turning all things to pleasantness. The clever sketches reflect this happy mood, while they convey good notions of the objects depicted, even in burlesquing them.

LUCIEN RIGAUD.

Dictionnaire d'argot. *Paris*, 1888.

I have been seeking high and low for a rational explanation of the word "impressionist." Chambers' *Encyclopædia* gives it not. Of course it may be said that "impressionist" is mere slang. If so, account for its admission into one of the French dictionaries. Perhaps it is admitted under protest, and pays toll by remaining unexplained. However, looking for something else in M. Rigaud's book, I find—

Impressioniste.—Peintre ultra-réaliste. Les *impressionistes* ou *impressionalistes* ne peignent que l'impression. Ils jettent quelques tons sur la toile sans s'occuper ni de l'harmonie des couleurs, ni du dessin, ni du reste. Leurs œuvres ressemblent à des esquisses informes. C'est l'indication, ce n'est pas le tableau.

Here is a definition which shows the smartness with which words are treated—

Quartier.—Quartier Latin, quartier des écoles. . . . *Femme du quartier*, femme qui habite le quartier Latin pour y étudier, sur le vif, l'étudiant.

The book abounds in bright citations from the "modernest" authors.

LUCIEN RIGAUD.

Lieux communs de la conversation. *Paris*, 1887.

Bought in the hope of its being as interesting as the *Argot*, which it is not One gets tired of examples of *banalité* in diction, which the author may have had painfully to evolve.

( )

Rockingham, or the younger brother. *Galignani*, 1849.

I find in the sadness of this story an exceeding charm. Edward Whitty calls younger brothers "detrimentals"—because they are no good to anybody.

EDOUARD ROD.

Henri Beyle. *Hachette,* 1891.

Balzac range Beyle parmi les maîtres les plus distingués de la littérature des idées, à laquelle appartiennent Mérimée, Musset, Léon Gozlan, Béranger, Delavigne, G. Planché, Madame de Girardin, Alphonse Karr et Charles Nodier.

The portrait was a surprise to me. A burly, bull-necked man, with mutton-chop whiskers and no moustache, is scarcely the ideal of an ultra-fine analyser of sentiments, who, born at Grenoble, thought it worth while to be epitaphed *Milanese.*

Under "Stendhal," books written by him are noted.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Collected works, with preface and notes by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI, 2 vols. *Ellis and Elvey,* 1890.

I. Poems, prose-tales and literary papers. II. Translations, fine art notices, &c.

E. ROUBAUD.

French dictionary, 146th thousand. *Cassell,* 1882.

I believe that this is the best cheap French dictionary. And it is well printed. But some of the definitions are ludicrously bad or insufficient:—

angelus	angelus	**angiosperme** ...	angiospermous
angine	angina	**angiospermie**...	angiosperm
angineux...	attended with angina	**angiotomie** ...	angiotomy
angiographie...	angiography	**aperitif** ...	aperitive, opening
angiologie ...	angiology	**échassier,** *n.m.*,	(orni) grallic

I have nothing with these answers. *Angelus* means, I think, a church bell sounded at a particular hour. I believe that *apéritif* often means something taken before a meal to promote appetite.

The so-called English looks as if demand created supply.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

La **Nouvelle Heloïse,** ou lettres de deux Amans, Habitans d'une petite Ville au pied des Alpes, 4 vols. *Genève,* MDCCCLXXX.

An undefinable attraction is about the place and date.

Rousseau jugé par les Français d'aujourd'hui, par J. Grand-Carteret. *Perrin*, 1890.

A very curious collection of essays on a man who was not French, but who fascinated Frenchmen—and others. For a French opinion by one who was not fascinated see "Goethe." The binding of the book is French. I sent it and a dozen other volumes to Paris to be bound like Heine, *q.v.*, which I had bought partly for the sake of its cover. That being German, I was informed that the binders were not accustomed to the class of work. So I had to request that the books might be bound according to French taste. Which was done, well and cheaply.

☞ *I have hesitated as to where this should be placed in the alphabet. After all, under Rousseau is the directest way. It is justified by the fact that the book is actually the work of many men, edited by M. Grand-Carteret.*

W. Clark RUSSELL.

Book of authors. *Warne* ( ).

"A collection of criticisms, ana, môts, personal descriptions, &c., wholly referring to English men of letters in every age of English literature."

This little book is a monument of study, on the assumption that the extracts are the result of reading the authors' works. One may speculate as to what influence this has had in the formation of Mr. Russell's style. At all events, there is the fact that a writer so imaginative and poetical began his literary career as a compiler of other men's *dicta*.

W. Clark RUSSELL.

Book of table talk. *Routledge*, 1874.

Selections from the conversations of poets, philosophers, statesmen, divines, &c. Most such collections are confined to the opinions of one person. This book gives us sayings of Luther, Selden, Walpole, Byron, Wellington, &c. Although there is an index, there is no "contents," not even a list of the men whose talk we get. The whole book has to be turned over to arrive at that knowledge.

W. Clark RUSSELL.

Sailor's language. *Sampson Low*, 1883.

Here are one or two *addenda* derived from "oral tradition." They have not been explained in print before, I believe.

Behind the door.—A man who is unlucky says he is behind the door when anything is served out.

Billet.—A post or situation, from the *billet* which entitles a soldier to quarters in a house.

Bloodsucker.—A man who does as little work as he can.

Bread.—The biscuits given to the crew of a ship, the same as dog-biscuit ashore, are called ship's bread. The tin they are handed about in is the bread barge. The word biscuit is not used. Our word captain's biscuit points to the difference of quality.

Cholera.—An overhand knot in the stomach.

Darkie.—Native of India, neither white nor black.

Fanam bag.—The pouch in a monkey's mouth for a reserve of food.

Fiddler's Green.—An intermediate place of residence in a future state, reserved for sailors and sirens.

Glory hole.—A very untidy place.

Grog.—Rum, undiluted, poured into the men's pannikins from a tot which is the measure. The officer who serves it out is responsible for the quantity. Some are said to protect themselves by letting their thumb go into the measure each time. A hole in the bottom of the tot is another way. The leakage is not perceived as the vessel comes up dripping. Thus a nice little *peculium* accrues to the officer against wanting a nip during a night watch.

Growl and go.—Salt phrase for doing your duty while grumbling.

Litany.—"From Hell, Hull and Halifax,* good Lord, deliver us!" I was once some months in a northern town. I thought I had died without noticing it, and was in hell.

Maxim.—Obey orders and break owners.

Medusa.—On land the name of the French frigate *Méduse* is associated with one of the most dreadful shipwrecks on record. At sea, the tradition is she made the fastest passage to India ever known.

Mere shakings.—A trifle, equivalent to Disraeli's description of the national debt as a mere flea-bite.

Monkeys.—Ages ago, sailors said, "Monkeys can speak, but they won't, for fear of being made to work." Now, a book is wanted on the subject—or a book wants a subject. Is the monkeys' holiday over?

Nail in your coffin.—A glass of rum neat.

Night glass.—Officially a telescope, but often a glass of grog.

Outside.—At sea, as opposed to in a river or in port.

Pitchforks point downwards.—A tropical shower.

Pun.—"First and forem'st, cut away the mainm'st."

Sailor.—A word little heard at sea. A ship is a good or a bad sailer; a man is a seaman, able or ordinary.

Stepney.—People born at sea belong to the parish of Stepney.

* There used to be a gibbet at Halifax.

W. Clark RUSSELL.

In the middle watch. *Chatto and Windus,* 1890.

Twenty-six yarns are here. Figure-heads, ships' names, slaving, &c., and the interesting article on other writers' sea novels.

W. Clark RUSSELL.

My shipmate Louise. *Chatto and Windus,* 1892.

W. Clark RUSSELL.

The **Mystery of the Ocean Star.** *Chatto and Windus,* 1891.

Twenty-three yarns, double twisted. This and its predecessors are in famous large print, ideal for a railway journey, and the cloth binding is semi-limp, which accommodates it to the pocket.

W. Clark RUSSELL.

Wreck of the Grosvenor. *Sampson Low,* 1891.

When this first appeared, I copied out whole passages in sheer admiration.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

Portraits of men. *Stott,* 1891.

An interesting little book, made amusing by the translator.

Goethe's aged parent, "Goethe's Lady Counsellor," as she was called.—4.

Goethe's father was a *Rath*, that is, Councillor, which made his mother the "Councillor's lady."

On arriving at the Mein, we found Goethe skating.—6.

We say Frankfort on the Maine, for *Frankfurt am Main*. Why not, then, write Maine instead of Mein? Very likely Sainte-Beuve wrote Mein, but I suppose it is not too much to demand English of a translator.

Here is some Italian—

. . . the tale of *Francesa de Rimini* (for *Francesca da Rimini*).

And now a little French, injudiciously transplanted—

(Musset) wrote proverbs of an exquisite delicacy.—30.

He wrote *proverbes*, which are dramatic pieces founded on a proverb, as *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*.

PHILIPPE SAINT-HILAIRE.

Colette. *Pseudonym Library*, 1892.

Everybody who has read one of this exceptionally smart series of books will turn with interest to any other that he may chance to meet with. This one has the peculiarity that I seem to have read it before—before 1892. There is, I believe, a story called the *Neuvaine de Colette*, in which the heroine, who has lived in great seclusion, tends a man who has met with an accident near the house she lives in. There is a *neuvaine* in the *Colette* here chronicled, there is a wounded man, and the heroine tends him. The story is carried on in letters written by the lady and gentleman to friends.

I have since found that *Colette* is a translation of the book I had already seen.

LLOYD C. SANDERS.

Life of **Viscount Palmerston.** *W. H. Allen*, 1888.

( )

Saturday Magazine, volume the eighth, published under the direction of the Committee of general literature and education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

John William Parker, West Strand, 1836.

Intended to counteract or counterpoise the irreligious *Penny Magazine* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the *Saturday Magazine* offered extracts from devout books and many an interesting piece that was less serious. From its pages I got my first hint of the existence of Grimm's *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, and of Zschokke's works. One of the narratives is of Elizabeth Woodcock, who was rescued alive after being three weeks under the snow. Her only notion of the lapse of time was from hearing the bells go for church on a Sunday. Imagine the intervals!

One of the best pieces is from Inglis' travels. He had been tempted by the clearness and shallowness of the water to wade to an island in the Adige near Rovigo. There he went to sleep and was woke by the roar of waters. It was the river

Saturday Magazine (*continued*).

in spate. He had to get up a tree. The paper is called "A night of extreme peril."

The *Saturday Review* was issued at first from Messrs. J. W. Parker and Son's house. It may be noted, for those who are curious in such matters, that the size of the page was the same as that of the *Saturday Magazine*, and that the type, and it may be the paper, had a physiognomical resemblance.

( )

Schalk, Blätter für deutschen Humor. *Berlin*, 1880(?)

A few years ago I observed an advertisement in which *Schalk*, a German comic paper of the better class, and of some standing, was offered for sale as a property. The particulars of income and expenditure may have their interest for those who care for the mechanism of literary matters :—

Receipts.		Expenses.	
Subscribers yield ...	£1350	Setting and printing ...	£400
Sale of back vols. ...	40	Paper	250
Advertisements ...	400	Designs for Illustrations .	160
Electros of woodcuts	100	Zincotypes...	180
		Literary contributions ...	210
	£1890	Editor	150
		Clerks	120
		"Sending out" expenses .	50
		Carriage (postage?) ...	60
		Taxes	20
		Rent and miscellaneous ...	50
			£1650

What would the editor of *Punch* say to £150 a year?

August Wilhelm SCHLEGEL.

Lectures on dramatic art and literature.

Bohn's Standard Library, 1846.

This series has been undertaken with the view of presenting to the educated public, works of a deservedly established character, accurately printed in an elegant form, without abridgment.—Prospectus.

The size is ideal for a book. This volume cost a shilling. Schlegel's translator is Black of the *Morning Chronicle*.

MAX SCHLESINGER.

Saunterings in and about London, the English edition by OTTO VON WENCKSTERN.
Nathaniel Cooke, Milford House, Strand, 1853.

Amusing and genial* observations of a Hungarian gentleman who visited England during the Great Exhibition of 1851. He describes the London dwelling-house as surrounded by a dry ditch, which you cross by a bridge. The pages devoted to an evening at Vauxhall Gardens have historic interest. The Duke of Wellington in Rotten Row, and Holborn's steep hill are among the *notabilia*. The illustrations are by M'Connell, a now-forgotten artist who appears to have been a disciple of "Phiz." The volume is one of a series brought out by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* at half-a-crown apiece.

SCHMIDT-WEISSENFELS.

Friedrich Gentz, eine Biographie. *Prag,* 1859.

Gentz strikes me as possessing more energy than any man I have ever seen. His head seems to be organised in a very superior manner, and his conversation bears the stamp of real genius. He is one of those who seem to impart a portion of their own endowment, for you feel your mind elevated while in his society.—MRS. TRENCH'S REMAINS.

I had long been on the look-out for a portrait of Gentz, when I hit upon this. Now I possess two, one in each volume of "Schmidt." Gentz was handsomely subsidised by the Allied Powers to fight their battles against Napoleon, on paper. He is best known in England as having been secretary to the Congress of Vienna.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

Art of literature, a series of essays, selected and translated by T. B. SAUNDERS. *Sonnenschein,* 1891.

One of the best half-crown's worths ever offered to the English reader—and author.

AUTHORS.

There are two kinds of authors: those who write for the subject's sake, and those who write for writing's sake. While the one have had thoughts or experiences which seemed to them worth communicating, the others want money, and so they write—for money. They may be recognised . . . by the aversion they generally show to

* Heine's notes on England are amusing, but not remarkably genial.

Arthur SCHOPENHAUER.

Art of literature (*continued*).

saying anything straight out, so that they may seem other than they are. . . . As soon as the reader perceives this, let him throw the book away, for time is precious. When an author begins to write for the sake of covering paper, he is cheating the reader, because he writes under the pretext that he has something to say.

A great many bad writers make their whole living by that foolish mania of the public for reading what has just been printed—journalists, I mean. Truly, a most appropriate name. In plain language it is journeymen, day labourers!—Pages 3, 4.

It may be worth while to recollect that *journalier* is French for what we call a labourer.

A BOOK

can never be anything more than the impress of its author's thoughts, and the value of these will lie either in the matter about which he has thought, or in the form which his thoughts take, in other words, what it is that he has thought about it.—Page 9.

THE TITLE

should be to a book what the address is to a letter. . . . It should, therefore, be expressive; and since, by its nature, it must be short, it should be concise, laconic, pregnant, and, if possible, give the contents in one word. A prolix title is bad; and so is one that says nothing, or is obscure and ambiguous, or even, it may be, false and misleading. This last may possibly involve the book in the same fate as overtakes a wrongly-addressed letter. The worst titles of all are those which have been stolen, those, I mean, which have already been borne by other books; for they are in the first place a plagiarism, and, secondly, the most convincing proof of a total lack of originality in the author.

I have many a time wondered what "style" is; whether it is the mere mechanical arrangement of words, or the attitude of the mind. Then again, one may wonder whether it is to be acquired or whether it is inborn.

STYLE

is the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face. To imitate another man's style is like wearing a mask, which, be it never so fine, is not long in arousing disgust and abhorrence, because it is lifeless; so that even the ugliest living face is better. . . . Every mediocre writer tries to mask his own natural style . . . these everyday writers are absolutely unable to resolve upon writing just as they think, because they have a notion that, were they to do so, their work might look very childish and simple. . . . An intelligent author really speaks to us when he writes, and that is why he is able to rouse our interest and commune with us. He puts individual words together with a full consciousness of their meaning, and chooses them with a deliberate design. Consequently,

Arthur SCHOPENHAUER.

Art of literature (*continued*).

his discourse stands to that of the writer described above much as a picture that has been really painted to one that has been produced by stencil. In the one case, every word, every touch of the brush, has a special design; in the other, all is done mechanically. Just as Lichtenberg says that Garrick's soul seemed to be in every muscle in his body, so it is the omnipresence of intellect that always and everywhere characterizes the work of genius.

"Commune with us," "omnipresence of intellect,"—there you have the soul of the matter.

If I were suddenly required to say anything about style, the discourse would consist of four words—**Let every shot tell.** When a man has something to say, and is clear in his own mind, he cannot go far wrong if he does not overlay his matter with words. Lord Chesterfield has provided for the opposite case—"When you have nothing to say, say it."

READING.

The body assimilates only that which is like it; and so a man retains in his mind only that which interests him. . . . Few people take an objective interest in anything, and so their reading does them no good; they retain nothing. . . .

Repetitio est mater studiorum. Any book that is at all important ought to be at once read through twice,* partly because on a second reading the connection of the different parts of the book will be better understood, and the beginning comprehended only when the end is known, and partly because we are not in the same temper and disposition on both readings. On the second perusal we get a new view of every passage and a different impression of the whole book, which then appears in another light.

It would be a good thing to buy books if one could also buy the time in which to read them; but generally the purchase of a book is mistaken for the acquisition of its contents.—Page 83.

If a man puts forth ideas in a book, how many readers lay hold of them as he would have them? And of the few readers that do so, how many follow them as far as he would have them?

We find in dramatic performances an illustration of the effect produced by a book. I have read in some French work that the object of a spectacle is to move us to laughter or to tears. Some French author has also said that the madness of Ophelia is the most pathetic scene ever put on the stage. Yet, out of a thousand spectators of its representation at any given moment,

* I give as I find.—C. F. B.

Arthur SCHOPENHAUER.

Art of literature (*continued*).

how many men, or women, are moved to tears? Perhaps there is one, and he is looked upon as a fool by his immediate neighbours. But if the author of the piece could see his audience, which would be to him the more sensible part of it, the moved or the unmoved? And does it not suggest to ourselves that between those who can sit like images and hear the most beautiful words, and see without emotion the most touching scenes presented, and those who are stirred by them, there must be a great gulf fixed—and that things in real life may affect, or not affect, the two classes of persons in some similar manner?

BOOKS.

A man's works are the quintessence of his mind, and even though he may possess very great capacity, they will always be incomparably more valuable than his conversation. . . . The writings even of a man of moderate genius may be edifying, worth reading and instructive, because they are his quintessence—the result and fruit of all his thought and study; while conversation with him may be unsatisfactory.

So it is that we can read books by men in whose company we find nothing to please, and that a high degree of culture leads us to seek entertainment almost wholly from books and not from men.

Well hammered out! But I am sure that men purposely withhold their good things from conversation because they are afraid of impoverishing themselves as writers. One may go on, *ad infinitum*, quoting from Schopenhauer, when he is on books. One more extract may be given :—

THE CLASSICS.

If a man knows no Latin, he belongs to the vulgar, even though he be a great virtuoso on the electrical machine and have the base of hydrofluoric acid in his crucible.

There is no better recreation for the mind than the study of the ancient classics. Take any one of them into your hand, be it only for half an hour, and you will feel yourself refreshed, relieved, purified, ennobled, strengthened; just as if you had quenched your thirst at some pure spring. Is this the effect of the old language and its perfect expression, or is it the greatness of the minds whose works remain unharmed and unweakened by the lapse of a thousand years? Perhaps both together. But this I know. If the threatened calamity should ever come, and the ancient languages cease to be taught, a new literature will arise, of such barbarous, shallow and worthless stuff as never was seen before.—Page 46.

After all, proof of a book is in the reading—*placeàne, Lector?*

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

Pensées et fragments. *Baillière,* 1891.

The cheapest way to get an idea of Schopenhauer's *Parerga und Paralipomena.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Life of Swift. *Robert Cadell,* 1849.

The humanest life of one who lies *ubi sæva indignatio cor lacerare nequit.* It is a volume of Scott's works published in half-crown volumes printed in the type which is associated with the famous press of James Ballantyne, whom Scott brought from Kelso to Edinburgh. It was a youthful fancy of mine to bind up with this Lady Duff Gordon's translation of De Wailly's *Stella and Vanessa.*

Stella said of Swift, "The Dean can write beautifully about a broomstick." Could "Mind *v.* Matter" be better stated?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Poetical works, with a critical memoir by W. M. ROSSETTI. *Collins* ( ).

The publisher does his best to make the work immortal by omitting all reference to time.

( )

Sea-pie, illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL. 1841-2.

A very salt book of most ancient and fishlike aspect. The cover looks as if it had been afloat under the chests in a cabin.

( )

-Seespuk. *Breslau,* 1888.

The superstitions, traditions, and legends of the sea, such as the sea-serpent, &c. There is a picture of the *Flying Dutchman* under all canvas, with a boat whose head is in the opposite direction calmly boarding her at the bows! The only excuse is, that the ship is so Dutch-built that her flying is inconceivable.

SHAKESPEARE.

Dramatische Werke, übersetzt von AUGUST W. SCHLEGEL und L. TIECK, 8 vols. *Grote,* 1874.

A. W. Schlegel a fait une traduction de Shakspeare, qui, reunissant l'exactitude à l'inspiration, est tout à fait nationale en Allemagne.
DE STAEL, ALLEMAGNE.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet, with notes by THOMAS PAGE and JOHN PAIGE. *Moffatt,* 1891.

A school book, with unusually varied apparatus.

SHAKESPEARE.

Hamlet—Othello—Romeo and Juliet. *National Library,* 1886-9.

Separate volumes, little books for the pocket, with good print.

Seated in the Piazza San Marco over coffee and cigar, one reflects how Venice has more than one Shakespearean interest; how the Rialto, now a bridge, was in our dramatist's day a bank of the Grand Canal, the *riva alto.* But a yet greater interest attaches to the circumstance which led him wrong, yet right, in his not knowing that there were two Othello families, one of which was distinguished as Il Moro, the Mulberry, because they held estates in the Morea. And this was Shakespeare's Moor!—DR. HAKE.

Why not say, at once, Mr. Moor of Venice, embrowned by travel?

SHAKESPEARE.

Œuvres complètes, traduction LAROCHE. *Charpentier,* 1864.

The translation is so nervous as to be good reading for an Englishman. I have merely the volumes which contain *Hamlet* and *Othello, i.e.* six or eight plays.

SHAKESPEARE.

Works, with life, glossary, &c. *Warne,* 1888.

Simply a cheap edition, with the best print possible in one volume.

A great criminal was once executed in China after torture which he bore with extraordinary fortitude. After his death the gall bladder was found to be unusually large. Here is one more instance of Shakespeare's omniscience—

I lack gall to make oppression bitter.—HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE.

Concordance, by W. D. Adams. *Routledge,* 1891.

A veritable treasure. It gives the sentences where words occur. The commencement of lines is indicated by a capital letter to the first word. Moreover, the price is three and sixpence. A Shakespeare *Concordance* used to cost more than a sovereign.

There are glossarial notes. One explains that "cock" means boat, which is right for one passage. But, divided only by a semicolon is another passage, where "cock" evidently means weathercock—

Yond tall anchoring bark diminished to her cock

=they have got so far away from a vessel which is at anchor, that only her masthead (*nautice* truck) is visible.

SHAKESPEARE.

Die **Menschen in Shakespeare's Dramen** vom Standpunkte der vergleichenden Literaturgeschichte. *Worms,* 1890.

A book the reading of which is to be looked forward to. Reading German is tiresome compared with speaking or writing it.

SHAKESPEARE.

Payne Collier's Emendations, &c. *Berlin,* 1853.

Ergänzungsband zu allen englischen Ausgaben und zur Schlegel-Tieckschen Uebersetzung von Shakespeare's dramatischen Werken, enthaltend die in einem alten Ex. der Folio-Ausgabe von 1632 aufgefundenen und herausgegebenen handschriftlichen Bemerkungen und Textänderungen in übersichtlich vergleichender Zusammenstellung bearbeitet und übersetzt von Dr. Julius Frese.—Title.

The English edition of the *Emendations* was published at fifteen shillings or so. Here we have the English book and a German version opposite, bound in a volume which cost a shilling in Germany. The German title is a good array of words.

☞ *This and the three preceding entries are not worked into the alphabet of Shakespeare's works because they are only supplementary to them. The entry which follows is thrown out of its place by the spelling "Shakspeare," which, in a practical catalogue, would have to be ignored.*

SHAKSPEARE.

Poems, edited by Robert Bell. *C. Griffin* ( ).

Id est not the dramas. It would have been very nice to possess them also in such excellent print. The spelling "Shakspeare" is chronological—speaks of the time, tells the tale when Bell's book was originally printed.

SHENSTONE.

Poetical works, with a description of the Leasowes. *C. Cooke* ( ).

"Embellished with superb engravings."

In walking through the Exhibition of 1862 I saw a monument inscribed—

Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!

I afterwards learnt that Shenstone was the author. Hence the possession of this little book, which cost about ninepence on the Continent.

James SIME.

Life of Johann Wolfgang **Goethe.** *Walter Scott,* 1888.

A good summary of what average people should know.

( )

Six months in the ranks, or the gentleman private. *Smith and Elder,* 1882.

Life in barracks (that is, how soldiers spend nine-tenths of their time) was never presented in so life-like a manner. After reading and admiring the book, I hear casually that it is all made up—a work of fiction.

☞ *The author's name is known, but I cannot give it.*

H. Percy SMITH.

Glossary of terms and phrases. *Kegan Paul,* 1889.

This used to be a fourteen-shilling book. Now it is to be had for a quarter of that. It is singularly useful. Thus—

Angelus bell.—The bell rung at the time appointed for the recitation of the Ave Maria.

Corvée.—The obligation of the inhabitants of a district to repair roads, &c., for the sovereign or the feudal lord.

Which shows the force of the expression *quelle corvée!*

H. PERCY SMITH (*continued*).

Eurasian.—A half-breed between a *European* and an *Asiatic* parent.

Philistine.—A word used to describe the supposed lack of sweetness and light in inferiors by those who think themselves superior.

Umber.—An olive-brown earth from *Umbria*, &c

Umber, as a colour, is the tint of a shadow, *umbra, ombre.*

WILLIAM SMITH.

Thorndale, or the conflict of opinions.

Blackwoods, 1857.

Professing to be the papers of a consumptive who died at Posilipo, it is a collection of conversations and narratives as the medium for philosophical ideas. I have reason to remember this book. One Christmas Eve I slipped quite quietly on the slanting pavement which borders an entrance to a goods station. The stones were slimy with half-dry mud. I came down on the right hand which held an umbrella and seemed to sprain it. The other held aloft *Thorndale* to keep it clean. After an hour and a half's dodging about to pass the time till I could see the doctor whom I used to consult, I learnt that the right wrist was broken. Just after the doctor had arrived, I could hear his dinner coming to table. So I begged leave to take a walk, feeling sure that he would make a better job later on. He restored my hand, and charged £1 1*s.* 6*d.* for six months' attendance. Peace to his ashes. He is no more.

ADMIRAL W. H. SMYTH.

Sailor's word book, revised by VICE-ADMIRAL SIR E. BELCHER. *Blackie,* 1867.

Science, professional knowledge, and pleasantry are here combined.

Poltroon.—Not known in the navy.

Portuguese man-of-war.—A beautiful floating acephalan of the tropical seas, the *Physalis pelagica.*

Slant of wind.—An air of which advantage may be taken.

"Portuguese man-of-war" is the sea-name for what we call a nautilus.

"Slant of wind" is seamen's slang for any chance in ordinary life. At sea there is a figure of speech for nearly everything. Thus, in a certain vessel, there was a maintopman, a smart man enough, but pale. He was dubbed "the painter and glazier."

( )

Society in London, by a foreign resident.

Chatto, 1886.

Contrast with Lord Coleridge another English judge . . . Sir Henry Hawkins. They designate him a hanging judge because it is not his habit to treat crime as merely the abnormal development of virtue. . . . Facts are to him what ideas are to the Lord Chief Justice. The latter has the spirit of a law-reformer . . . is perpetually engaged in the attempt to construct a new legal code, which shall have precedence over any code in existence, out of his own subjective notions of right and wrong. . . . Sir H. H. is entirely free from any of these judicial sentimentalisms. The object of the law, as he understands it, is to put down crime, to be a terror to evil-doers.—67, 68.

A newspaper extract "follows on the same side"—

—Should the witness be surprised to hear that . . .

Mr. Justice Hawkins did not like that form of question. Whether the witness "would be surprised to hear" was of no consequence whatever.

—— regretted using that form of question, but really thought he was following the example of a very high personage indeed.

STANDARD, 1893.

Soldiers, sailors, statesmen, writers, &c., have their turn in *Society in London.*

The author calls us the "most imaginative people on earth." This would not occur to everybody, but the *dictum* is as it were proved in another foreign quarter. The French laugh at an English mob for being easily dispersed by a few policemen, who are but men, like themselves. But the policeman wears a uniform, which is the symbol of "force." This, we may presume, is what influences a crowd.

( )

Songs of a lost world, by a NEW HAND.

W. H. Allen, 1883.

Poetic pieces, with an attractive title. I do not think they cost me any money. A friend, who suspected my taste, gave them to me.

( )

Songs of the dramatists, with memoirs and notes by ROBERT BELL. *C. Griffin* ( ).

These, as well as "Shakspeare's" *Poems,* were actually published by J. W. Parker, Strand. The print, except the title-page, has the physiognomy of books published by that house, which ceased to exist in 1864.

MADAME DE STAËL.

Allemagne. *Paris*, 1858.

Twice in two minutes have I found Jean Jacques quoted—

"Les langues du Midi étaient filles de la joie, et les langues du Nord, du besoin."

And this from Heloïse to her lover—

"S'il y a un mot plus vrai, plus tendre, plus profond encore pour exprimer ce que j'éprouve, c'est celui-la que je veux choisir."

It may be worth recollecting that the two writers were *pays.*

MADAME DE STAËL.

Corinne. *Garnier* ( ).

The reader of Corinne . . . will recollect that, upon the first visit of Oswald and Corinne to St. Peter's, he pauses to contemplate and admire the grace of her attitude as she holds back the curtain for him to pass in. This incident always seemed to me hardly worthy of the sensibility and genius of Madame de Staël. No deep-hearted woman would value the love of a man who, at such a moment, and in such a place, could be arrested by the grace of a female form.

HILLARD'S ITALY.

But what of imagining a noble lover who not merely precedes his idol into church, but lets her hold the curtain for him to pass?

MADAME DE STAËL.

Dix années d'exil. *Charpentier*, 1861.

Half of the book is occupied by a most interesting account of her life and writings by Madame Necker de Saussure.

STENDHAL.

Vie de **Henri Brulard.** *Charpentier*, 1890.

Il n'y avait, qu'un être au monde: Mdlle. Kably, qu'un événement: devait elle jouer ce soir? . . . Quel transport de joie . . . quand je lisais son nom sur l'affiche! Je la vois encore, cet affiche, sa forme, son papier, ces caractères. J'allais successivement lire ce nom cheri à trois ou quatre des endroits auxquels on affichait: les caractères un peu usés du mauvais imprimeur devinrent chers et aimés pour moi . . . à Paris la beauté des caractères me choqua: ce n'étaient plus ceux qui avaient imprimé le nom de Kably.—197.

The book *De l'amour* has nothing to compare with this.

STENDHAL.

Journal de Henri Beyle, 1801-18, 2 vols. *Charpentier,* 1888.

A most curious record of emotions and of timidity in the presence of happiness. There is a story in *Sandford and Merton,* I think, of a monkey who fired the charge in a gun and ran to the muzzle to observe the effect. He was just in time to be blown to pieces. Stendhal, energetic and resourceful as a soldier in time of war, was so constituted as to recede from an immediate prospect of happiness, in order to contemplate it, with the effect that the happiness was blown to the winds.

STENDHAL.

Lamiel, roman inédit, publié par Casimir Stryenski. *Quantin,* 1889.

An unfinished psychological romance rescued and deciphered for the press by an enthusiast.

STENDHAL.

Souvenirs d'égotisme, autobiographie et lettres inédites. *Charpentier,* 1893.

I find this much more interesting than the *Journal.* The preface is entitled, *Stendhal et les salons de la Restauration.* The *Autobiographie* is full of good things, including counsel on books to be read.

The covers of the early copies of the book bore the name "Stendahl." Some years ago a life of Beyle was published in London. In it the name was "Stendahl," right through.

Colonel STOFFEL.

Rapports militaires. *Paris,* 1871.

Tout le monde connaît les rapports adressés par M. le colonel Stoffel à l'empereur Napoléon III. avant la guerre de 1870, mais ce qu'on sait moins généralement, c'est que cet officier supérieur fut le principal collaborateur de Napoléon III. dans les travaux relatifs à l'*Histoire de la vie de César.*—Le Temps, 1892.

In the preface, Stoffel comments on the astounding neglect of his information, which descends to microscopic examination of powder, with diagrams. Hear a native of India on this theme—

A mere pretext for war was found and taken advantage of with an impertinence and a levity of which France alone was capable, and with an inexcusable ignorance of the actual strength of Prussia. . . . Napoleon III., as dancing-master to the nation, was doubtless to blame, but his office made it obligatory to keep up the dance the nation wanted.—Chunder Dutt.

( )

Stokers and pokers; or the London and North-Western Railway, the electric telegraph, and the railway clearing-house, by the author of "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau." *John Murray,* 1849.

A signalman is here pictured in a tall hat.

H. W. STOLL.

Götter und Heroen des klassischen Alterthums. *B. G. Teubner,* 1879.

Für das gebildete Publikum.—iv.

I got this for the sake of the numerous tasteful delineations of statues of the antique gods, &c.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, or life among the lowly. *H. G. Bohn,* 1852.

The most agreeable edition for reading, because of the print. The size is that of Bohn's Libraries. My mother "thought I had a bad cold" when I read the book on its publication. This is the copy, with many passages noted.

E. R. SUFFLING.

Jethou, Crusoe life. *Jarrold,* 1892.

I wonder this has not attracted more notice. A young man undertook to live on a desert island for a year, to feed himself, to speak to no one, and to let nobody land—and did it.

SURCOUF.

Robert Surcouf, corsaire malouin. *Plon,* 1890.

Robert Surcouf, the pirate, killed my great-uncle Robert. Surcouf, the author, dedicates his book to his aunt.

HIPPOLYTE TAINE.

Histoire de la **littérature anglaise,** 5 vols. *Hachette,* 1885.

HIPPOLYTE TAINE.

Notes sur l'Angleterre. *Hachette,* 1874.

Mais ces mots si precieux, stabilité, repos, richesses, le nom d'Angleterre les rappelle encore. Les vents mugissent autour d'elle; les flots soulevés des revolutions battent en grondant ses rivages. L'Angleterre est comme le Neptune de Virgile:—

Alto prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.

CHARLES DE REMUSAT.

( )

Tares. *Kegan Paul*, 1884.

A title of five letters, which form also the word "tears." Regret and longing (after, not prospectively) are the burden of the few pieces. Here is part of one of them—

NIRVANA.

Sleep will he give his beloved?
Not dreams, but the precious guerdon of deepest rest?
Ay, surely! Look on the grave-closed eyes,
And cold hands folded on tranquil breast.
Will not the All-Great be just, and forgive?
For He knows (though we make no prayer or cry)
How our lone souls ached when our pale star waned,
How we watch the promiseless sky.
Life hereafter? Ah, no! we have lived enough.
Life eternal? Pray God it may not be so.
Have we not suffered and striven, loved and endured,
Run through the whole wide gamut of passion and woe?
Give us darkness for anguished eyes, stillness for weary feet,
Silence and sleep; but no heaven of glittering, loud unrest.
No more the lifelong labour of smoothing the stone-strewn way;
No more the shuddering outlook athwart the sterile plain,
Where every step we take, every word we say,
Each warm living hand that we cling to, is but a fence against pain.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

Little Library Ship, with sixteen engravings on steel. *John Harris*, 1830.

This was one of the few delights of my childhood. In memory whereof this second-hand copy was bought. The print is beautiful, and the plates very pretty.

I have a picture, a common wood-engraving, of two vessels, the one a steamer, the other a sailing ship (an auxiliary screw, to be very exact), both rocking on the waves of the Atlantic. The steamer, feminine by comparison in her delicacy of build, (one might say) also in the contour of her paddle-boxes, halts with head averted from her more sturdy companion, and yet her hull inclines that way. The man-of-war, squarely set as to the yards on which the sails are furled, stands almost like a rock in comparison with the weaker vessel, scarce touched by the commotion of the waves. The picture is a delineation of the American frigate *San Jacinto* stopping our mail-steamer, the *Trent*. Those were the days of the grandest rig for war-vessels, even when provided with steam. The way this one, all *atuunto*, towers into the clouds, is a sight.

(Isaac TAYLOR.)

Physical theory of another life, by the author of the "Natural history of enthusiasm."

W. Pickering, 1839.

Alfred TENNYSON.

Works. *Macmillan,* 1886.

W. M. THACKERAY.

Vanity Fair, price one shilling.

Smith and Elder, 1890.

The puppets stand outside on the yellow cover, just as they did in the original issue in 1848.

( )

Thalatta! or the great commoner, a political romance.

Parker, Son, and Bourn, 1862.

I once advertised for *Catarina in Venice,* thinking it to be a book. It turns out to be part of this book, whose title is attraction enough for one who was born by the sea.

☞ *The author's name is well known, but he gives it not.*

André THEURIET.

Péché mortel, 17me ed. *Lemerre,* 1885.

The shop windows have made us familiar with *l'Angelus* of Millet. More than twenty years ago I read in a book on Western France, that the *Angelus* was sounding as the opposing French and English forces met—at Agincourt? I have sought high and low to find what time of day the bell denoted. English books do not tell, take "Smith," *q.v.* Here we have precise information. I do not care for the book beyond this:—

La tombée du crepuscule et les premières sonneries des *Angelus* les surprirent encore attablés aupres de la source.—63.

A few weeks later I read in another book—

Le sol montait lentement. Un Angelus tinta.—Cuirassier Blanc.

And after that I find that Barbey d'Aurevilly wrote—

Dans la *Prière du Soir,* où l'homme et la femme, lassés d'avoir labouré tout le jour, disent leur *Angelus* au jour qui meurt. . . .

GEORGE TICKNOR.

Life, letters, and journals. *Sampson Low,* 1876.

"Ticknor" is an amazingly interesting repertory of memoranda about celebrated European personages, to which a good index is the guide. Thus—

"Lockhart . . . is the same man he always was and always will be, with the coldest and most disagreeable manners I have ever seen." II., 120.

"Cavour . . . his conversation is such as you might expect from his appearance, lively and agreeable; his views of everything on which he talked strikingly broad, but not, I think, always exactly defined. . . . His eye is very quick; it reminded me of Lord Melbourne's, which was the most vigilant I ever saw."—II., 288.

See "Napoleon III." for something more of Cavour; and "Bates" for something more about Lockhart.

ERNEST TISSOT.

Evolutions de la critique française. *Perrin,* 1890.

( )

Tomahawk, vol. II., and various Nos. *Office,* 1868.

Some of our best painters have graduated in scene-painting. Here is a cartoonist who brings painted scenes on to the printed page with tragic power.

CHARLES TOMLINSON.

Sonnets. *James Cornish,* 1881.

An essay. The author has written sonnets, and expounded Dante's object in writing the *Divina Commedia.*

Tourist's guide to the Continent.
Great Eastern Railway, 1891.

It weighs about half a pound, and is published at sixpence. I do not know any book which more intelligently and agreeably sets forth the attractions of travel in Belgium, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. Any one who has not been on the Continent will benefit by reading it; and the illustrations very prettily set the scenes before him.

H. D. TRAILL.

Sterne. *Macmillan*, 1882.

"Non s'est dit Sterne, je ne voyagerai comme ces singuliers touristes qui, avant de s'embarquer, semblent déposer leur cœur dans leur maison, arreter jusqu'à leur retour la circulation de leur sang, pour qui le voyage equivaut à une suspension des facultés de la vie, et que les pays étrangers voient transformés en automates contemplatifs. Non, pendant que le bateau, la diligence, ou la chaise de poste m'emporteront, mon pouls continuera de battre, mon cœur malade de soupirer et de désirer, mon âme de rêver."

That is some Frenchman's description of the *Sentimental journey*. The room Sterne used to occupy in the hotel at Montreuil is still reverently shown.

( )

Two old men's tales; the Deformed and the Admiral's daughter, 2 vols. *Saunders and Otley*, 1834.

One, at least, of the later editions was chastened, somewhat.

( )

Types of womanhood, in four stories. *Sampson Low*, 1858.

I. Our wish; II. The four sisters; III. Bertha's love; IV. The ordeal.

I have carried this book about with me for nearly thirty years. My attention was first attracted by reading "Bertha's love" in *Fraser's Magazine*.

There is an air of sacrifice, suffering, and resignation about the stories of that period. Now, people gallantly take the good things which a kind Providence has provided for their enjoyment, without wanting to be wiser than their Creator.

VAPEREAU.

Dictionnaire des littératures. *Hachette*, 1876.

Imagine a large octavo book composed of 2096 pages in double column, each column containing seventy or eighty lines of small print closely packed, giving an account and perhaps a criticism of every considerable work of every age and every land in the manner of the following extracts. And if you would know what a catalogue, or an epigram, or a Minnesinger is; what are the characteristics of English, French, or Latin,

VAPEREAU (*continued*).

&c., literature, you have only to look them up. One of the most valuable points about the book is the *précis* which M. Vapereau gives of every great work of classical antiquity—the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Iphigenia Aulica* and *Taurica* of Euripides, &c., &c.

WERTHER.

Dans *Les souffrances du jeune Werther*, l'artiste s'est peint lui-même plutôt que la société de son temps; mais il a excité un tel interêt pour son héros qu'une génération toute entière s'est modelée sur son image et est arrivée à s'y reconnaître. Jamais œuvre littéraire n'a plus profondément remué les âmes; les pensées, les sentiments, les souffrances plus ou moins chimériques d'un héros de roman sont devenus l'objet d'une imitation epidémique, jusqu'au suicide inclusivement. On a dit que jamais aucune passion réelle n'avait causé autant de morts volontaires que la contagion de cette passion imaginaire. Les "souffrances" du jeune Werther ne sont pas seulement celles d'un amour réprimé par les devoirs sociaux, ce sont surtout celles d'un rêveur revolté contre les necessités de la vie, d'un artiste que des aspirations folles vers l'idéal livrent sans force et sans courage aux déceptions et aux froissement de la réalité. Werther est un de ces hommes que ravage la contemplation d'eux-mêmes et qui se font un mal extrême avec leurs propres pensées. Goethe a inoculé à ses compatriotes cette sensibilité maladive, cette melancolie romanesque que Madame de Staël et Chateaubriand devaient développer chez nous, et Lord Byron chez les Anglais. Pour lui, il s'en guerissait en la décrivant, et trois ans plus tard il faisait la parodie de son œuvre et la satire de ses imitateurs. On sait que le roman de *Werther* se rapporte à deux faits réels: le suicide du fils d'un célèbre prédicateur nommé Jerusalem, et une tendre affection de Goethe lui-même pour une jeune femme mariée; mais l'œuvre littéraire est tout dans les analyses psychologiques, le développement du caractère, le progrès constant d'une passion unique, la simplicité des circonstances où elle se produit, le charme infini des scènes qui jettent quelque variété dans une situation monotone. L'émotion produite par *Werther* dans toute l'Europe répondit au succès du livre en Allemagne. Il fut traduit dans toutes les langues et plusieurs fois. La première traduction française est de 1776. Il fut en outre commenté, imité, refait, contrefait, parodié sous toutes les formes; il passa au théâtre dans tous les pays. Il y avait longtemps que l'auteur s'efforçait de l'oublier, après en avoir combattu l'influence, qu'on le lisait et qu'on le discutait avec la même passion. Le général Bonaparte l'emportait avec lui dans la campagne d'Égypte.

WINCKELMANN

Est consideré avec raison comme créateur de la critique de l'art, et le premier pour l'application de l'ésthetique, sinon le fondateur même de cette science. Il avait au plus haut point le sentiment du beau et des conditions de sa realisation par les arts. Il connaissait de l'antiquité tout ce que les monuments conservés nous en ont revelé il dévinait le reste. Il avait étudié les classiques, non pas en érudit,

VAPEREAU (*continued*).

mais en se faisant l'homme de leur temps, de toutes leur pensées. Il s'était fait, pour ainsi dire, païen, suivant l'expression de Madame de Staël, pour mieux pénétrer l'antiquité, et l'on sent dans ses écrits le culte même de cette beauté dont les Grecs avait fait l'apothéose. Mais, loin de s'arreter à la beauté physique, il excellait à saisir le rapport entre les traits extérieurs d'une œuvre d'art et les qualités morales dont elle est le symbole.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

Rahel, Life and letters, by Mrs. VAUGHAN JENNINGS. *Kegan Paul,* 1883.

Rahel was a woman quite as remarkable as Madame de Staël, in her intellectual faculties, in her fertility of thought, her clearness of soul, her goodness of heart; in eloquence she far surpassed the author of *Corinne,* but she wrote nothing.—CUSTINE.

Was greatly influenced when a girl by the writings of W. von Humboldt and Schlegel, and especially by Goethe, whom she called her god; and she, in her turn, recognised and encouraged the genius of Jean Paul, Tieck, Fouqué, Gentz, Fichte, Hegel, Heine, Thiers, Benjamin Constant, &c., but especially the writers of the Romantic school.—CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

The "Life" is of singular interest to those who care for German literature. "Rahel," a 7*s.* 6*d.* book, with leaves uncut, cost me about ninepence.

☞ *This should, I suppose, have been registered under the author's name. In a list planned without an index one is often liable to doubt as to the most useful position. The greater name has prevailed here.*

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.

Sketches of German life, and scenes from the War of Liberation in Germany, selected and translated by SIR ALEXANDER DUFF GORDON. *Murray's Home and Colonial Library,* 1852.

Soldier and literary man, Varnhagen was the fortunate husband of Rahel, Germany's greatest literary woman, although she never wrote a book. His account of the French in Berlin as enemies is curious in the light of a promenade which was projected later.

( )

To **Venice in a simple way,** by a JOURNEY-MAN. *Manuscript,* 1891.

"Gentle and simple" is a very old distinction. Nowadays the gentle ride in sleeping cars and need not change carriages after they reach the other side of the Channel. The simple way is to travel as do foreigners who have to earn their living. Venice was reached thus—

I. Rail to Harwich, steamer to Antwerp. II. Rail to Aix-la-Chapelle, changing at Hasselt. First and second class passengers are not required to get out. III. Third class rail to Cologne. IV. Third to Bonn, in order to catch the Rhine steamer, which second and first class passengers are in time for. V. Third class steamer to Coblenz, thence to Mannheim. VI. Third express to Basel, thence third class rail to Lucerne. VII. Second class by steamer to Fluelen. VIII. Third class rail to Amsteg. IX. Next day, third rail to Faido, thence later on to Bellinzona. X. In the morning third class rail to Lugano. XI. By steamer to Porlezza, thence over the mountain in tramcars to Menaggio; later by steamer * to Como. XII. Como to Milan, third class rail. XIII. At Milan a circular second class ticket was obtained for about 35*s.*, which enabled the traveller to visit Verona, Venice, Padua, and Bologna by *quick trains*. If a third class traveller takes a ticket, *e.g.*, from Bergamo to Verona, he is made to get out at Rovato and wait several hours while the train he has come by is bowling away to Verona and Venice. Thus are poor travellers made to feel the difference between gentle and simple.

"PROF. DR." CÉSAIRE VILLATTE.

Parisismen. *Langenscheidt,* 1888.

Simply a French slang dictionary with German explanations. When I acquired it *bonâ fide* French slang dictionaries were scarce.

( )

Violet, or the danseuse; a portraiture of human passions and character. *Brussels,* 1836.

An English book, not easily to be procured in England. It was first published about fifty years ago in two volumes, and later, *circa* 1857, as a railway novel in pictorial boards. There has been great controversy as to the author of it. Many successive numbers of *Notes and Queries* have been occupied by speculations from various correspondents—in vain. But I believe it is perfectly well known, in what are called aristo-

* The intention had been to go from Menaggio *viâ* the Lake of Lecco to Bergamo, and thence to Verona. But missing the steamer through walking to Cadennabbia, the traveller took the next boat, rather than wait.

Violet, or the danseuse (*continued*).

cratic circles, who wrote the book. Its manner shows it to belong to a bygone era. One little oddity of diction may be worth noting. When one of the characters wants to say "contempt" he uses the word "despisal"—if that be a word.

( )

Visitors' book. *Sampson Low*, 1892.

Again and again within a few weeks have I come back to this little book of ninety-six pages, a collection of nine stories. The *Head master* is amazingly smart; *John and Charles* is a fine show-up of almost unconscious snobbishness; the *Successful author* is terrible in its sadness; the *Secret of the ice river* is a story both sad and beautiful. Here is an indication—

THE ICE-RIVER'S SECRET.

They were, quite obviously, husband and wife and lover. . . . Taking no notice of the polite *portier*, who, gold-laced cap in hand, opened the carriage door, the husband walked straight into the hotel in that broad-shouldered, arrogant fashion which proclaims the Briton abroad . . . obviously a person of wealth and position. The selfishness and ill-temper which were indicated by his mouth marred the appearance of a hearty English sportsman or country squire.

The wife came next, calm, composed, handsome, and stately. Yet her composure did not deceive me. For I saw in her beautiful eyes, as she turned them for a moment to the man who stood at her shoulder, that look of ineffable yearning, of longing and sorrow, that never yet was seen save in the eyes of those who love but do not hope. I have seen that look before, and I have reason to know it. I have seen it mirrored—well, well! It is a dreadful look to those who realise its full significance. It was in this woman's eyes beyond a doubt; and it haunted me. . . .

At dinner . . . the lover was rather out of it; and, feeling this, I addressed some trivial remark to him about his journey. In a moment her eyes were upon me, taking my measure in one swift glance that was over instantly. . . . He talked well, this man; and she loved to hear him talk. His manner to me was perfect; and she entirely appreciated the nicety of it.

It conveyed to me very delicately, "You are a handsome woman still, and still entitled to your prerogatives. You were a very pretty girl once, and young men like myself used to chaff you a little, just as I am doing now, and were ready to run on your errands and execute your orders, just as I am ready to do at this moment. Though its bloom be past, the perfume of your beauty hangs about you still. I recognise the atmosphere and acknowledge it."

Appreciative homage, so subtly conveyed, is as dear to a woman's heart as it is becoming on the part of a man; it pleased me, and it

Visitors' book (*continued*).

pleased her too. I began to understand the fascination which he exercised over her.

He was a refined-looking man, with a heavy moustache, a clear-cut strong chin, dark hair and dark eyes that had a dangerous spark'e in them when he was roused to animation, and at times had a steady look that spoke of firm self-command. Not a man to be trifled with either in love or hate. Looking at these three people, I could see all the elements of a tragedy before me.

The husband and the lover go out climbing most days. At length the husband falls down a crevasse, out of which, with infinite labour and risk, he is dragged by the lover. However, the husband dies of some internal bruise sustained in the fall. Four or five years later, the lovers are married—

I watched the fair face of his beautiful wife, when he turned to greet her on her approach, and saw the look, no longer of sorrowful longing and despair, but of warm and happy devotion that shone forth for him from her tranquil eyes.

I wish I could put into language the beauty of this little story as I feel it; and if I could, the reader would have the pleasure of laughing at me.

WILLIAM S. WALSH.

Handy-book of **literary curiosities.**

William W. Gibbings, 1893.

Here is a volume of 1104 very closely printed pages, a dictionary of curious matter such as we find in *Notes and Queries*. It would be an almost indispensable handbook if there had been an efficient index. A couple of extracts will demonstrate this, while showing the nature of the contents—

Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith) was seated one day at dinner next a lady whose name was Birch. Said she to his Excellency, "Do you know any of the Birches?"

"Oh, yes, I knew some of them most intimately while at Eton; indeed, more intimately than I cared to."

"Sir, you forget that the Birches are relatives of mine."

"And yet they cut me; but" (smiling his wonted smile) "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than now."

Mrs. Birch, sad to say, according to the gossips, told her husband that his Excellency had insulted her.

When I wanted to find this for extract, I had to recollect as well as I could at about what thickness of the edges I had opened the book before. The index did not help. The second piece I cannot find. It relates that when the Spanish Armada was put to flight, our admiral sent one word to

WILLIAM S. WALSH (*continued*).

Queen Elizabeth, "*Cantharides*" (the Spanish fly). This little story of two or three lines requires in the index the entries—

Admiral's name, Cantharides, Spanish Armada,

and perhaps "Queen Elizabeth"—that is, four entries for about as many lines. Mr. Walsh's Handy-book has fifty-five lines to every page. I suppose, considering the number of good things crammed in the book, that ten index entries per page are likely to be required that we may find what we want. The extent of the index is about 1000 entries, less than the number of pages.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Despatches, Selection by GURWOOD. *Murray,* 1851.

My father was writing in the library at the Hoo, in the presence of Lord Dacre and Earl Grey, when the latter nobleman, who had long been absorbed in the perusal of a large octavo volume, suddenly closed it emphatically, and with a warmth of manner unusual to him, said to his host, "Well, Brand (calling him by his family name), I have at last finished Wellington's *Despatches*, and what conclusion do you think I have arrived at? Why, that when I regard him, first, as a general, and think of his promptitude, prudence, and presence of mind in unforeseen difficulties; his powers of organisation, his thought for his soldiers, his attention to the commissariat; then, secondly, as a minister, the lofty sense of duty by which he was always actuated, his readiness to lay aside his own prejudices when he thought the public welfare was at stake; and thirdly, as a man, his truthfulness, simplicity, and absence of conceit under such an accumulation of honours as never yet fell to the lot of a subject, and would have turned the heads of most men—I pronounce him the greatest man, ancient or modern, that ever lived."

REV. JULIAN C. YOUNG'S JOURNAL.

On the point of invading France to defend its people, the Duke had to "call out" its would-be ruler who was at ease in the perfidious isle. He wrote to the Comte de Chambord—

I can only tell you that, if I were a prince of the House of Bourbon, nothing should prevent me from now coming forward, not in a good house in London, but in the field in France.

FROM ST. JEAN DE LUZ, 1813.

French writers were not insensible in this matter—

(Barbey d'Aurevilly) reprochera au comte de Chambord son inaction; il le surnommera le grand expectant de l'histoire et il osera écrire ces paroles impies pour un royaliste: "Assurément, il est plus doux d'être le radieux amphitryon de tout un parti qui vous traite de roi, dans ces diners par lesquels on gouverne partout les hommes, que d'être rasé, comme Carloman, et jeté aux oubliettes d'un monastère.

TISSOT, CRITIQUE.

( )

Wheat and tares, a tale.

When a rational man buys a book, it is generally for the sake of what it contains. This book was bought for the sake of something not in it. I thought to have found the story of a Jew who was very fond of roast pork, for which he used to go into the country to an inn once a week. One day a violent thunderstorm came on, just as he was enjoying himself. Our Jew went on like a man, taking as little notice as he could, but at last he had to throw down his knife and fork, exclaiming, "Vat a fuss to make about a leetle piece of pork!"

After housing the book several years, I find that it is not *Wheat and tares.* A wrapper bearing that name was on a book called *Miss Gwynne of Woodford.* The title, being at the top of every left-hand page, had escaped notice.

E. M. WHITTY.

Friends of Bohemia, or phases of London life, 2 vols. *Smith and Elder,* 1857.

Friends of Bohemia is a novel which even critics looked forward to reading. Whitty's sketches of Parliament had prepared them for a sensation. Here are specimens of the book:—

ARISTOCRACY.

There is the Duke of Beadleland. He lives in No. 1, Decencies Terrace. An upright, admirable man, who always wins the cattle club prizes. He has been raising his rents lately, in consequence of the extravagant conduct of the Marquis of Bumble, his eldest son, and many a hearth on his broad estates has been made sad this year. But evidently now he has had a most satisfactory interview with Mr. Coutts, and the Duchess is bringing out two daughters, the fair Ladies Laces, this next season. See, he gives that beggar a copper, and rubs the fingers of his glove together, shaking away the momentary touch of the mendicant.

MAN OF BUSINESS.

Here's a man. That's Shylock, the theatrical man, who is a blessing to London. They say he is worth £100,000, and yet when I went, ten years ago, to see a friend in Cursitor Street, Shylock was a bailiff. I dare not give you an idea of what Shylock has gone through. Aspasia says she used to know him as an "agent." He kept night houses. . . . He says that if the bishops would put it into his hands, he'd make religion "the popular go" and fill the churches. So he would.

E. M. WHITTY.

Friends of Bohemia (*continued*).

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.

Who is that over-dressed old woman in that shining brougham? Mrs. Carey, who deals in chickens. She has a grand mansion in Pimlico, which the Earl of Harridan bought for her. She is rich; those jewels about her are real. Like the *Times*, she has correspondents in all parts of the world, to provide her with fresh *canards*, fit for a jaded market of old marquises. Watch her pass Northumberland House. There is a recess there in the wall, made by the bricking-up of a door, and there is an old woman in rags, standing there, having crept within the bar, and selling apples to unappeased little boys. Doesn't that wretched figure look a dismal supporter at the side of the porch of the Percies? Does it not signify a good deal of the veritable supporters of Ducal houses? Well, there is a legend that that old woman is the sister of Mrs. Carey. They began life together as beauties in the same trade; but, you see, talents are divided in families. Mrs. Carey gives the apple—old symbol of love!—decked out on strawberry leaves to the most beautiful; her sister, Bet, sells apples to flat-nosed, frank little boys, and they very often take advantage of her barred condition to run away without paying.

EDWARD M. WHITTY.

Political portraits.
Governing Classes of Great Britain, 1859.

The preface is dated 1854. The sketches belong to preceding years.

☞ *In this and the preceding entry I give the name of the author as I find it.*

( )

Who breaks—pays, by the author of *Cousin Stella*, 2 vols. *Smith and Elder*, 1861.

The heroine, through fear of a tyrannical uncle, marries the wrong man, from whom, while only twenty years old, she has become separated. At Genoa she meets accidentally the right man, who is off to the wars, to fight for Italy against the Austrians.

One must have heard the sweet voice that had been heavenly music to one's ears, changed to a hard, cracked, toneless sound, to under-

Who breaks—pays (*continued*).

stand the heartache with which Giuliani listened to Lill. Hitherto, she had avoided looking at him; now her eyes slowly wandered over his face as he sat silent, striving to collect his thoughts, so as to find the right words to speak to her. . . . Giuliani had sought Lill's presence, believing his heart-wounds healed over; painful throbs told him now the contrary. His tongue was at fault; he had avowedly come there to advise and influence her to be reconciled to her husband; but he felt that if he opened his lips just then, it would be to speak words he was as bound not to utter as she not to hear. Meagre, worn, sad, she had as great an attraction for him as in all the brightness of her beauty. Envied, triumphant, surrounded by homage, or neglected, alone and faded, she was equally dear to him, not more so in other days, not less so now. He sat on, wordless, feeling that his soul was like a ship between Scylla and Charybdis.

Lill could not bear the silence.

"How are your Paris friends, Mr. Giuliani?" . . .

How the assumption of that gay manner jarred with the dejection stamped on Lill's face and figure. She was no longer poised, erect, giving the idea of a bird ready to take wing; on the contrary, her head was bent forward like one accustomed to bear a heavy burden. . . .

For an instant the muscles round her mouth quivered, then they resumed their rigidity, and she said quietly, "I cannot believe in anything, Mr. Giuliani."

"So you refuse even my friendship!" He tried to speak cheerfully, but his real sadness showed through the attempted disguise.

"How good you are to me!" she exclaimed, and laid a hand over her eyes.

He saw first one tear, then another, fall on her black silk dress. His heart quaked, he rose and hurried to the window. The sun was already low in the cloudless west; a long tremulous line of fiery gold lay on the small dancing waves. Oh! blessed nature, that never refuses encouragement, if men would only open their eyes to see, their ears to hear. . . .

She told him her tale with entire trust, but with cruel *naïveté*. She did not remark his frightful pallor, as her words, revealing such treasures of tenderness for another man, met his ear. His feelings were stirred almost beyond his control. He suffered at one and the same moment for her and by her.—II., 261-266.

All is not sadness in the book. Here is a trait of the cruel uncle—

Sir Mark, who always wrote agreeably, as if to make sure that no line of his should ever hang him, surpassed himself on the present occasion.—II., 144.

Who breaks—pays is a shabby library copy bought for old acquaintance sake in order to possess the book in the shape in which it was first read; my idea of collecting.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

Four lectures on **Hendrik Ibsen.** *Sonnenschein*, 1892.

I do not wish to make any one read Ibsen who does not like him; but I shall be glad if I can help candid readers, who have not been drawn to him, at least in part, to what there is in him that attracts others.—PREFACE.

The little volume is chiefly occupied with the metrical works. At the end is an account of the *Doll's house* and other social plays. The lectures are illustrated by translated extracts.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

English dictionary. *Cassell*, 1893.

Scholarly, even interesting, I keep this always near.

N. PARKER WILLIS.

Life, here and there; (or) sketches of society and adventure at far-apart times and places. *Henry G. Bohn*, 1850.

One finds here a title-page which is punctuated, and may speculate as to whether it is due to a literary publisher or to a fastidious author. "Presence of mind" is the phrase which has come to me in reading *Life, here and there*, &c. The sentimental part of these slight stories was in harmony with the mood of a particular period of life, in remembrance of which I cherish what many persons would call "trifling" books. Patriots will not be displeased to read Willis' remark in reference to members of the nobility he met in Europe, that the only ones who looked it were the English.

☞ *The parentheses about the word "or" in the title show its use.*

N. PARKER WILLIS.

People I have met. *Henry G. Bohn*, 1850.

Pictures of society and people of mark, drawn under a thin veil of fiction.—TITLE.

Some people complained that the veil also was drawn—aside, a good deal more than should have been by one who had received hospitality in great houses. To this accusation a recent life of N. P. Willis furnishes the answer, supported by letters from members of the English aristocracy. The sketches are singularly bright reading for an ordinary mortal's leisure.

Sir Robert WILSON.

Private diary of travels, personal services, and public events, 2 vols. *Murray*, 1861.

At Lutzen (it is really Lützen) he was struck by a piece of bursting shell—

"It was just as I was leading the Russian and Prussian battalions to resist the French attack that I was hit."

The ordinary English traveller in Germany has trouble enough to lead himself, if he be without a bear leader. What qualities, then, must an Englishman have had who could lead Russian and Prussian troops into battle?

The *Diary* is not common. So I thought myself lucky to get a 26*s.* book not cut open for about six shillings. Sir Robert Wilson's *Life* is common enough.

General de WIMPFFEN.

Bataille de Sédan, les véritables coupables. *Ollendorff*, 1887.

Histoire politique et militaire d'après des matériaux inédits, elaborés et co-ordonnés par Émile Corra.—Title-Page.

"Having been unable to die at the head of my troops, and having laid my sword at the feet of your Majesty," the ex-emperor was trotting off towards Belgium in his smart green carriage, with green and gold liveries, followed by more carriages and more green and gold, amazing the war-worn German soldiers by the spick-and-span neatness of their equipments. So exit the saviour of society.

Sir W. Maxwell Stirling.

At page 26 we have a French view of Imperial campaigning.

Frances Williams WYNN.

Diaries of a lady of quality, 1797 to 1844, edited by A. Hayward. *Longman*, 1864.

A book of the best society talk. Miss Wynn carefully noted memoranda about Napoleon on board the *Northumberland*, the Duke (surprised?) at Waterloo, &c.; observed great actors; knew Mr. Greatheed (here called Greathead) of Guy's Cliffe; talked with Lord Braybrooke about Junius, &c., &c.

(· ·)

Yes and no. *James Hogg* ( ).

Passages of courtship extracted from the works of our best novelists. The editor has not been ashamed to call his collection "XXXV. ways of popping the question"—which delineates him. He has labelled each scene with a title for the circulating library. The best thing in the book is the summaries which show the reader what leads up to the scene in each case.

ARTHUR YOUNG.

Nautical dictionary. *Longman,* 1863.

An eighteen-shilling volume, with the leaves not cut open, bought for half-a-crown. I prize this book for the bold wood-cuts of the minor parts of ships. Its publication fell at an interesting time, when steam had not extinguished sailing in the navy; so that apparatus of rigging are shown, besides the appliances of steam vessels. The index, with its French equivalents, works as an English-French vocabulary, though it is too meagre to be of much use.

JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG.

Memoir of Charles Mayne Young, tragedian, with extracts from his son's journal, 2 vols. *Macmillan,* 1871.

See the entry "Wellington" for a specimen of this book.

EDGAR ZEVORT.

Thiers. *Classiques populaires,* 1892.

Dans la nuit du 14 au 15 juillet, la guerre fut brusquement décidée au Tuileries, par l'influence du parti du cour, c'est à dire de l'impératrice Eugénie et des bonapartistes pur sang. La veille l'empéreur avait dit aux ambassadeurs de deux grandes puissances—"C'est la paix, je le regrette, car l'occasion était bonne; mais, à tout prendre, la paix est une partie plus sur. Vous pouvez régarder l'incident comme terminé."—212.

Thiers protested with all his might, but it was of no use.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

La Débâcle. *Charpentier*, 1892.

A shadow of coming events, after Wörth—

Des heures durent se passer, tout le camp noir, immobile, semblait s'anéantir sous l'oppression de la vaste nuit mauvaise, où pesait ce quelque chose d'effroyable, sans nom encore. Des sursauts venait d'un lac d'ombre, un râle subit sortait d'une tente invisible. Ensuite, c'étaient des bruits qu'on ne reconnaissait pas . . . toutes les ordinaires rumeurs qui prenaient des retentissements de menace.—21.

A sweet Sunday morning ensues nevertheless. Who does not feel himself in France, as he reads this?—

Vers huit heures, le soleil dissipa les nuées lourdes et un ardent et pur dimanche d'août resplendit sur Mulhouse, au milieu de la vaste plaine fertile. Du camp, maintenant éveillé, bourdonnant de vie, on entendait les cloches de toutes les paroisses carillonner à la volée dans l'air limpide. Ce beau dimanche d'effroyable désastre avait sa gaieté, son ciel éclatant des jours de fête.—24.

An oasis in the desert of misery, the morrow of a wetting:—

Presque aussitôt le soleil reparut, un soleil triomphal, dans la chaude matinée d'août. Et la gaieté revint, les hommes fumaient comme une lessive, étendue au grand air: très vite ils furent secs, pareils à des chiens crottés, retirés d'une mare, plaisantant des sonnettes de fange durcie qu'ils emportaient à leurs pantalons rouges. . . . Tout au bout d'un faubourg de Reims, il y eut une dernière halte devant un debit de boissons qui ne desemplissait pas.—76.

Was campaigning ever more vividly depicted? DEBIT DE BOISSONS places the reader on the road in France in a moment.

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